俺の脳内選択肢が、学園ラブコメを全力で邪魔している

Ore no nou
Gakuen Love-com wo
Zenryoku de Jama shiteiru

story◆Takeru Kasukabe
illustration◆Yukiwo

春日部タケル
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lang="en">

NouCome - Volume 01

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Illustrations

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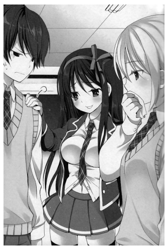
- 

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① めくっちゃう
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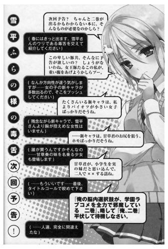
- 
雪平ふらの様の毒舌次回予告！
次回予告？　ちゃんと二巻が出るかもわからない本に、そんなものが必要なのかしら？
（春にはきっと出ます。雪平さんのウリである毒舌を交えて紹介してください）
この卑しい豚共、そんなに予告が欲しいの？　しょうがないわね。女王豚たるこの私が、重い腰をあげようかしらブー。
（なんか方向性が違う気がしますが……女の子の新キャラが多数出るので、そこをプッシュしてください）
たくさんいる新キャラは、私よりパイオツが小さい女子ばっかりだそうね。
（残念ながら新キャラで、雪平さんより胸が控えめな女性はいません）
……新キャラは、甘草君のお尻を狙う、ホモばっかりだそうね。
（誰が買うんですかそんなの……甘草奏の妹を名乗る少女も登場します）
甘草君が、小学生を実の妹だと思い込んで、二人で××する話ね。
（……もういいです……最後、タイトルコールで絞めて下さい）
『俺の脳内選択肢が、学園ラブコメを全力で邪魔している　二巻』、略して『俺、二巻』平伏して待機しなさい。
（……人選、完全に間違えたな）

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Chapter 1: Amakusa Kanade's bitter daily life

Chapter 1 - Amakusa Kanade's Bitter Daily Life[edit]

Part 1[edit]

What does a person do if an erotic book falls by the roadside?

The natural thing would always be to take a glancing look.

If the person is a high school student, there is the problem of appearances. He cannot instantly pick it up, but he can go all-out in taking peeks.

If the exposed pages are a little manic, then there will be a rise in the tension.

However, such small happiness is often crushed.

[CHOOSE: ① Press it up against your face and smell it ② Eat it]

Right now, these choices appear in my head, and I must choose one choice or the other. It's always that way.

Erotic books are commonly read to get excited. If you're excited to smell or eat them, then you are the type who would already be excited that way.

However, I... smelt it.

I wasn't excited at all. That's natural. After all, being so close to it, I could only see skin color with no detail whatsoever.

"Woooow, look at that guy."

"Smelling the erotic book, what a pervert!"

Grade school kids passing by pointed and yelled at me.

"EroSmeller is looking this way."

"Haha, that guy is absolutely a virgin. Vir-gin!"

They ran off, laughing.

"...What am I doing so early in the morning?"

When it was satisfied, I quietly placed the erotic book back down on the roadside.

『Absolute Choice』

The phenomenon is, as the name I gave it suggests, one where I absolutely have to choose one choice or the other. It creates a choice made of neither spoken nor written letters in my head.

Information is transmitted from an unknown source directly into my brain, which instantly comprehends it.

It ignores all five senses; even if I close my eyes or block my ears, it will not disappear until a choice is made.

"Oh, Kanade-chan."

Abruptly, a deep voice came from in front of me.

"Geh..."

When I looked up, there she stood. Gondou Daigo (49), a housewife living nearby whose weight exceeds three digits[1]. Seeing her body was like taking a punch to the gut.

"Kanade-chan, are you on your way to school now?"

"Ye-yes, that's right."

Daiko-san, who appeared to be returning from the convenience store, glued her eyes to me when I stepped into her view.

"Nufufu, you are as cute as ever."

"...!"

Chills ran down my spine.

Every time we meet, this person is weirdly happy to see me.

Apparently, I look exactly like her ex-husband when he was young. What kind of useless miracle is that?

Due to a reason like that, every day my virtue is in danger. Using school as an excuse, I attempted to left quickly.

"Th-thank you, but I'm running late."

[CHOOSE: ① "Please hold me." ② "Please hold me and go with your instincts!"]

...Are you serious?

The choices sometimes require words, not just actions, and no matter how unreasonable, the choices appear and must be followed absolutely.

Even if it says ① and ②, how are they different?

"...Please hold me."

I whispered the words in a low voice, as if I was trying to disappear. At the same time, a predatory light shone in Daiko-san's eyes, like a beast locking onto its prey.

"Kanade-chan... Finally."

This is getting way too dangerous!

"Wa-wait a moment, I just-Nooooo!"

"I accept, thanks![2]"

What is happening?!

The lump of meat dashed madly at me, and I was hugged with all her might.

"Gyaaa!"

She's too strong! Even my bones are breaking[3]! I have to say something before it's too late!

"Give in... I give in!"

My scream was totally ignored.

"Gyaaaaaa!"

"Fuu, thank you for the feast."

After many seconds passed, Daiko-san was satisfied(?), let me go, and laughed as she walked away with heavy lumbering footsteps.

"Gu..."

I braced my wobbling knees and barely prevented myself from sinking down.

The time between absolute choices is completely random. It's not unusual to have them consecutively, but the combo of the erotic book and Daiko was too severe.

Feeling tired, I began to walk. As I approached the crossroads...

[CHOOSE: ① A beautiful girl falls from the sky ② Daiko-san falls from the sky]

...No no no.

Daiko-san just walked towards her house moments ago... how is that possible? I know all too well, though, that Absolute Choice doesn't accept the laws of physics.

Once a choice states it, no matter how unscientific it may be, it will happen without fail if you choose it.

That is to say, if I chose ②, the probability of Daiko-san falling from the sky would be 100%. If I was to be hit by her... I'd die. Body and soul.

By eliminating that, it left me wondering at the wording of ①.

"What would happen then?"

Surely, a person would appear in the air? I looked up at the sky fearfully. Nothing was happening.

"?"

While I wondered and looked down in front of me for a moment...

"Dowaaaa!"

Something was falling at blistering speed before my eyes and slammed into the ground.

"Nnn... Auuu..."

I was at a loss for words. Even though I had been somewhat mentally prepared... Something seriously fell.

But in the next moment, besides the idea of something falling, an intense question appeared in my brain.

"What... Is this?"

Because the person(?) was doing a human bridge position.

Disagreeable as it is, there's no other way to describe it... The person(?) who fell... was definitely doing a human bridge position.

Not facing downwards, or facing up; instead, it did a splendid bridge.

...Why?

It was too surreal a spectacle; I was frozen in place.

I froze for a dozen seconds. The living bridge suddenly collapsed.

Because of that, I returned to my senses. It pushed the mental impact of seeing a human bridge land and reminded me that a person fell from the sky.

"A-are you okay?!"

I was near panicking and was frantically shaking the body.

"Nnn... Fumiyu?[4]"

As though she was waking up, a weird sound escaped from her.

"Go-good..."

She was alive. My chest heaved a sigh of relief as she looked up.

"Ah? Here... where am I?"

She restlessly scanned the vicinity until settling on me.

"Um..."

She was breathtaking. Skin so white she was almost like a ghost, soft, fluffy blond hair, and clear, round blue eyes. She wore chocolate colored fairy-tale like clothing.

And above all, a figure too buxom for a non-white[5]. Her whole appearance was too surreal, and I couldn't help but be stunned.

Unlike me who couldn't find any words, her face suddenly brightened.

"Amakusa Kanade-san, right?"

"Eh?"

I was bewildered by her suddenly saying my full name.

"Ah... yeah, that's right."

I searched my memories, but I can't find anything regarding this beautiful girl in my brain.

"Err... you are?"

"Yes, my name is... Ah? My name is... Hmm... what was it?"

"No, I don't know..."

The girl looked like she was thinking a moment, then clapped her hands suddenly.

"I understand! I have lost some memories, like amnesia."

No, you really shouldn't say that so spunkily.

"When I fell, I likely received a strong shock to the head."

No, you did that beautiful bridge and your head didn't touch the ground.

"Oh well, I'll remember before too long. I'm the Heizamon of calmness."

Heizaemon of calm[6]... No one uses that expression these days, especially an openly foreign girl... Saying that was extremely incongruous.

"Ah... For now it would be good to call me Heizaemon."

I'll pass.

"Now, putting aside the name issue. Lets have an important talk, Kanade-san."

"Important?..."

She stepped close to my side with a defenseless smile, and I suddenly felt strange.

What is it? The sense of deja-vu was strong.

"Please? Kanade-san?"

I got it... It reminded me of a dog.

It arbitrarily comes to your hand with unconditional trust and goodwill. This girl and a dog give off the same vibe.

By reflex, I petted her head.

Was this appropriate? Although I thought that, her face gave out a joyful expression that was far from hating it.

"Hehehe."

"Hmm?"

Part of her forelock stiffened and raised up unnaturally. When I stopped stroking her head, it returned to its original shape.

"Ah, when I'm happy it stands freely."

A tail... She's a dog after all.

Suddenly, a desire appeared. Inexplicably, I stretched out my hand to her.

"Hand."

"Yes!"

She held hers out.

"Sit."

"Yes!"

She did it. She's perfectly like a dog.

"Gugyuuuuuuu."

Then suddenly, a terrible sound echoed. For a moment it sounded the cry of a voice actor, but apparently it was this girl's stomach rumbling.

"Ah, I'm hungry.[7]"

It was a grotesque image.

"You're really that hungry?... Ah, I might have something."

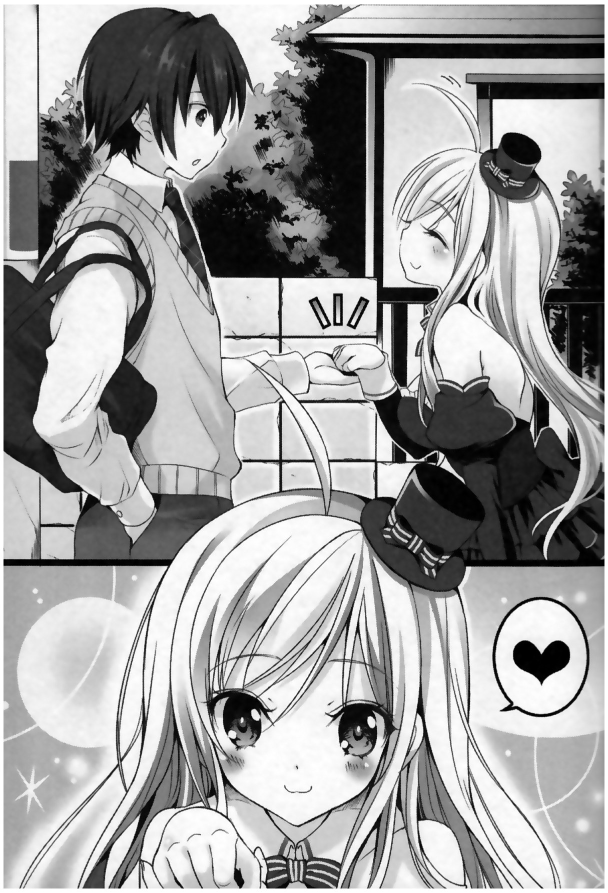
Remembering something, I reached into my bag and groped around.

I pulled out a small chocolate bar. The moment it appeared, her face lit up.

"Ah, its chocolate!"

"Do you like this?"

"I love it!"



Her smile covered all of her face. It's forbidden to give chocolate to a real dog, but this girl was only dog-like. She was still human... right?

"Yes."

I undid the wrapping and threw it lightly in the air. She hopped to where it was falling and caught it with her mouth in mid-air.

"Delish![8]"

Seemingly blessed, her face smiled happily. Like earlier, her forelock rose like a tail. It stood straight up... How strange.

"Ah, let's go with that."

She finished the chocolate and clapped her hands.

"What was that?"

"It's Chocolate."

"Ah, what?"

"That's my name."

"No... I don't understand what you mean."

"Kanade-san, do you like chocolate?"

"Hmm, I guess so. To the extent of putting some in my bag... I like sweet things in general."

"Then, my name is Chocolate."

What a simplistic way of thinking.

"No, Chocolate isn't chocolate."

"Ah, I'm not? Then... How about a French sounding Chocolat.[9]"

I don't know which side of being intelligent she's on but when I think of Chocolat I think of a dog. The provisional name stuck though.

"Yes, it is decided!"

Ah, if she's convinced, it's likely good to go with it.

It's only a part of her memory that's lost. If she hears many things maybe she will remember her name. Chocolat(?)... First of all, in order to determine how much memory she had, I asked her purpose.

"It is to take care of Kanade-san."

With no hesitation she declared that.

"Ah? Caring... for me?"

"Yes. Though my other memories aren't clear, that is completely certain."

Somehow, the situation has become weirder.

"I-is that so?... Then, your home; where are you from?

"There!"

She pointed above her head.

"Ah? From the north?"

Judging by appearance, she definitely wasn't Asian... Did she mean Russia, or even Northern Europe?

"No, above the sky.[10]"

"Above... the sky?"

"That's right!"

No... though she did fall from the sky.

"In short, in order to take care of me you came from a world in the sky?"

"Just like that."

Chocolat took a guts pose[11] with a huge smile on her face. In contrast, I felt chills in my heart.

"Goodbye!"

"W-why are you leaving? Please wait!"

I don't like doing it, but... It is all very dubious.

"I'll absolutely benefit you if you let me try staying with you!"

Why did Chocolat run after me while rubbing her hands together?

"No, things suit me fine now."

"Right now, I come with detergent."

"No. You are not a newspaper."

"I also come with watermelon and tempura."

"That sounds like it'll give a stomachache!"

"With an apple and a gorilla!"

"I don't need them or a trumpet and panties!"

"Marriage and a letter of divorce are included!"

"Those absolutely shouldn't go together."

"I also come with a plot of land and the deed."

"I need that!"

"Sorry, that's a lie."

"Tell the truth!"

"『Guri and Gura』[12] also come with me."

"I have it. Don't make fun of a masterpiece!"

"Baka and Test also come with me."

"Things like that aren't sufficient! If that's the case, it's a failure, right?!"

"Then, buy this suspicious jar. Sign here."

"Trying to make a sale in a moment of confusion!..."

...Ku, who on earth is this person.

It's better not to get involved with her. I decided that and turned to walk away.

"Aaa!"

Behind me, a horrible fake voice rang out. I ignored it and continued on.

"Aaaaa!"

It was likely to keep going if I didn't react. Reluctantly, I turned around. Chocolat was coquettishly lying on the ground while looking up at me.

A handkerchief from somewhere was stuffed in her mouth as a prop... To think that such an irritating person had showed up.

"Later."

"Wait a moment, a weak girl has fallen down! You should be solicitously asking 『Are you okay, Baby?』"

Such lines are only permitted to Hanawa-kun[13]!

"You see, I have to be at school, so I don't have spare time to bother with you."

I've become more rude and less friendly with her[14]. My brain must have judged that I don't need to respect this creature.

"It's okay! I'll listen to anything, so more, please!"

"Then, don't pay attention to me."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You have asked for a wish my power is not sufficient to fulfill."

Are you Shenron?![15]

Troubling... What should I do to shake off this strange creature?

While I was thinking about that, a certain thing caught my eye...

"Chocolat-san, Chocolat-san."

"Yes, what is it?"

I took the remainder out of the bag.

"Ah, it's chocolate! Can I have it?"

"Yes."

I dangled the chocolate from my hand in front of her.

"Please give it to me!"

Even though Chocolat was hopping up and down, she was relatively short and couldn't reach it. While holding it high, I measured the timing.

It's good; the timing is just right. I'm sad to be wasting food, but...

"Here!"

As it passed, I threw the chocolate into the back of a pickup.

"Ah, wait please, chocolate!"

Chocolat ran with light steps after the pickup.

I watched the gap between them increase until they went around the corner, disappearing from my sight without her giving up.

"Seriously..."

Even with a long wait, there was no sign of her returning. Even though I thought she was an idiot, I didn't think she'd be tricked that perfectly.

Golden Week was starting, the time when the calendar just reaches the summer and the weather turns warm, while a spring-like atmosphere still strongly remains.

"Oh well... I'll be careful about that strange person."

I faced towards the school and began to walk.

Part 2[edit]

Our high school, Seikou Private School, is proud of its 15 first year classes. It is a mammothly large school and has a wastefully large ground area.

To put it simply, it's a moderately long distance from the front gate to the school doors.

Sniffing the erotic book, Daiko-san's hug, and an encounter with the mysterious dog-like creature were all considerable burdens on my mental and physical stamina, and they left me feeling sick as I crossed the schoolyard.

After a few minutes I finally reached the entrance deep in the grounds. Fortunately, Class 1 of the second year is at this end of the 2nd floor. I just had to go up the stairs and I would be at my class.

"Morning."

I opened the door and exchanged greetings with the friends I could see.

On my way to my seat, I ran into a girl standing still by the window: Yukihira Furano.

She stood there very casually. However, she still gave off a strange sense of presence. Only around Yukihira did the air seem strained.

As if embodying the image of the name[16], her white hair in the sunlight streaming from the window gave off a bright light, like the reflection off newly fallen snow.

"Hey, morning, Yukihira."

In response to my voice, she turned around. Though there was an artificial feel to her features, they were very refined.

Without an expression Yukihira replied.

"Morning, maggot[17] jerk."

"...Huh?"

Surprisingly abusive language was used.

Normally you'd think you had misheard, but with Yukihira, anything's possible.

It's not a conversation if you flinch and back away, though.

"Ah, the weather is nice today."

"Yes it is, maggot jerk."

"On a day like today, I'd like to skip school and go play somewhere."

"You are surprisingly naughty, maggot jerk."

"What day of the week is it today?"

"Monday. Does that please you, maggot jerk?"

"Don't you know I'm trying to change your topic?!"

In contrast to my raised voice, Yukihira's is serene.

"Oh, sorry if it made you feel bad. It's just a little bug joke."

"Bug... joke? What on earth is that?"

It's the first time I've ever heard that in my life.

"This morning, on the fortune-telling segment on TV, it said there might be an insect related disaster. Even if I'm not that serious in believing it, I do still worry a bit."

"Yes, and?"

"Then, I thought I'd make some jokes and we could laugh it off."

"That's too much of a reversal..."

"Hey, I don't settle for succumbing to fate because I'm a woman with a rebellious spirit. I'll fight it to the death if it's not something I can accept."

"No... Don't think it will be that big of an event."

"By the way, Amakusa, if you want I'll do more insect jokes."

"No, you've done enough."

"By the way, Amakusa, if you want I'll do more insect jokes."

It seems you want me to hear them. Even if I bluntly refuse, it will just prolong things.

"Then, tell me one."

"..."

"Yukihira?"

"..."

"Hello, Yukihira-san?"

"Hey, listen, Monsieur. Today, a stupid classmate was ignored[18] for you."

It was endlessly trivial.

"By the way, just now I didn't only use 'insect' and 'ignore', did you also see me play off the word Monsieur?[19]"

"...I don't get it."

Explaining a gag that didn't work... Such a strong personality.

"Then George, who was deprived of a turn for this; where should he put his anger?!"

"Who is that?!"

This Yukihira Furano... Though she should be a cool person, she jokes around in a way that raises the tension. She just can't be a normal character.

"Roughly what are you thinking about, Amakusa? You have the face of someone about to go attack a little girl at any moment."

"What the hell kind of face is thaaaat?!"

"Or, the the face of villager at the entrance of the village endlessly repeating 『The Starting Village』."

"No, there is nothing in common with those two pieces..."

"Or, the the face of villager at the entrance of the village who is endlessly repeating『Huh... Huh... You want to look at little girls?』."

"Don't force the two together!"

...It's useless. You can only get exhausted dealing with someone like her. I abandoned the conversation and started to go around her...

[CHOOSE ① "Hey, your breasts[20], let me touch your breasts" ② "Hey, my breasts, touch my breasts."]

...Yeah, this is strange. This is strange, right?

People usually would resist such a choice at any price if compelled. At the start I also resisted... at the start. When Absolute Choice first appeared, I tried to avoid picking either choice... As a result, excruciating pain strikes your brain. I can't do it anymore.

I'm not joking. At first the pain is only faint and dull, but over time it feels like my head is being slowly crushed by a steamroller. The skull begins to fracture and the fluid in my brain starts leaking; how else can I describe it? Even the woman with a scar on her face wouldn't be able to deal with it.

In other words, resistance is useless, impossible, and a waste of effort.

A man takes a breath. Dogs can't speak languages. And when an Absolute Choice appears, a choice is naturally chosen.

With that being said...

"Hey, my breasts, touch my breasts."

The moment I said those lines, Yukihira's eyebrows moved slightly.

"...Amakusa... You, just now, what?!"

It's no wonder you'd ask that. It's a remark that anyone can hardly believe they heard right.

"No, that is-"

"Perhaps, you just asked me to touch your tits[21]?"

"...Huh? Just now, what?"

I instinctively asked back, just now... Did she say tits?"

"I would like to hear whether you said 『Please touch my tits』 or not."

"No... I said something similar, except I didn't say tits."

"Tits weren't mentioned? It's funny; I'm sure I heard the word tits. Tits is a word that I'm absolutely sure I didn't hear wrongly... Ah, is it shameful to have said tits and now you are trying to conceal it? Even though I don't think tits is a vulgar word. Starting with tits is..."

"You only want me to say tits!"

"I admit it. But even you want to call out tits so badly sometimes."

"I agree."

"That's not a reason!"

"I'm getting scolded suddenly?!"

...At times like those Yukihira, the weirdo, was good to have around. If this choice had appeared in front of other women, it would be a big problem.

Actually, last year's class was disastrous. In front of the girls many things were done and said that can't be told... No, I won't remember it because I'll want to cry.

Anyway, this Absolute Choice seems pleased to make me have the worst experiences.

In terms of a galge, only the paths to bad endings were chosen last year. I wasn't even able to taste the L of Love.

I don't want to be popular, I just want to talk to women (without frightening them or being despised by them)...

Today, however, there are a lot more Absolute Choices, and the choices are nastier. I went to my seat quickly; it's better to be quiet.

As I tried to pass quickly by Yukihira's side...

[CHOOSE ①"Hey, your tits, let me touch your tits." ②"Hey, my tits, touch my tits."]

...I don't need this. I tried to go with the flow, but this is absolutely unnecessary.

However, no matter how much I complain in my heart, I have no veto power.

"Hey, my tits, touch my tits."

Yukihira, who took that expressionlessly, opened her mouth.

"I'm sorry. I don't want to talk to people who say such vulgar things."

"Which mouth is saying that?!"

"This mouth. This mouth always says tits."

"Is the word consistency not in your dictionary?!"

"In my dictionary, only the word tits appears."

"Then all your life you have been calling them tits!"

"Amakusa, you... Are you really taking a joke like that seriously?"

"Gaaaaah!"

I crumpled and tore at my hair. It's useless... I can't deal with her. I've been playing the fool with Yukihira... I shook it off, turned the other way, and headed to my seat.

Even though homeroom hadn't started, I was already absurdly fatigued.

With a sigh, I sat down and casually glanced out the window.

"...Eh?"

In the middle of the second-story window, a face appeared.

"Waaah!"

I stood from my chair by reflex.

"Oh, Amacchi. Morning!"

The person on the other side of the glass gave a smile and flung open the window.

"Toe!"

The person dove feet-first through the window frame while giving off an action-hero-like cry.

While trailing elegant black hair that reached to her waist, she landed lightly.

"You... Where did you come from?"

The girl who received all the classes' attention, Yuuouji Ouka[22], stuck her thumb up and declared: "Ha, because the guidance counselors were at the entrance I climbed up the wall!"

If you consider it... It's not a large climb, and you wouldn't have too bad of a fall, but even if it happens to cross your mind you usually wouldn't do it.

I stared at the girl intently. Long, glossy black hair. Full-bodied in the right places, but slender on the whole. The gentle features and appearance of a girl brought up by a fine family.

However, once she opens her mouth, she's noisy like a grade-schooler, her face flickers through expressions rapidly, and she repeatedly does unpredictable things.

Climbing the wall of a school would usually be called an impossible act, but in Yuuouji's case, it's completed with a single thought.

"Hi, Amacchi. Your face is looking tired; something wrong?"

Without hesitation, she brought her face too close.

"Uuu..."

We're already young men and women... I wish she was aware of that, but it's impossible for her.

"No, there were various things this morning... Rather, what's with the backpack?"

On Yuuouji's back was a swollen-to-the-limit-rucksack.

"Where the heck did that come from..."

"Listen closely. Nahaha, because I wanted to smuggle this, I wasn't able to come in through the front entrance."

I waited as Yuuouji happily lowered the rucksack to the floor.

She carried that up the wall... What kind of superhuman strength is that...?

"Look, look; these are our prototypes."

The contents were casually dumped on the floor.

Most of the items are stamped with the『UOG』logo.

Though it's hard to believe, Yuuouji is the daughter of the president of UOG, a very big and well-known company.

Their business is food, clothing, cosmetics, consumer electronics, books, *etc.* They produce practically everything, and it's hard to find a house that doesn't have a UOG product in it. It's a company closely tied into people's lives.

"These were rejected in the planning stage of our product development section. For now they're being set aside, but we still want the opinions of kids for future reference."

Yuuouji's voice tempted our classmates to gather around her.

Even if they were products that were killed, they were on the leading edge in UOG fashion, and so being interested in them was natural.

"Ouka-chan, what is that?"

Everyone could take a product and submit his or her opinion. One girl pointed at a dangerously red-colored bottle.

"Oh, that... That's for wives who are faced with ennui. It's an aphrodisiac for women. It appears to activate women's sex hormones."

Who would ask high school students' opinions of thaaaaat?!

"The effect is outstanding and the price is cheap, but no questions were asked in the planning meeting,. It was just dropped."

"Hmm, why would that be?"

I casually grabbed a bottle and turned it around. The flashy, fancy brand name was visible:『Abazuren[23] Z』.

"Yeah... The name is bad..."

"By the way, I secretly mixed some into my mom's rice this morning. She began to pant suddenly and said『Ouka... Do you want a little sister?』."

"What are you doing to the wife of the president of UOG?!"

Yuuouji's mother was a former idol 20 years ago. The other idols of the time were all childishly cute, but she gave off an intellectual air and ran as a star for a while. She retired to marry the darling of the business world, Yuuouji Ouma, and changed her media appearance. I see her often delivering the news as a commentator.

In a word, she was cool. That said, to experiment on her parents, Yuuouji is shameless... It's unbelievable that Yuuouji Ouka came from Yuuouji Kyouka.

The cancellation that puzzles Yuuouji doesn't seem to be from the name『Abazuren Z』alone. If such a drug circulates in Japanese society, it'll collapse.

I took control of myself and looked at the other projects.

Giving off a strong presence in the corner was what looked like a small printer. In the center of the machine was a bunch of rectangular paper.

"Yuuouji, what's this?"

"Ah, its a toy for small children:『Money Maker』. You play with it and make money."

Indeed, on the surface of the printed paper is a large animated cartoon character drawn in the center,『Bill』.

I picked up a few and flipped through them.

"Ah, its not very elaborate... Eh? The real thing is mixed in?"

One piece in there was clearly real, no matter how you looked at it. Yukichi-sensei[24]'s face was peering intently from it.

"Nahaha, this is an amazingly good machine. When I tried an experiment it came out just like the genuine item."

"That would be a scandal!"

It's completely out!

"Geez, this looks a little more of an honest thing... It looks like『Life Candy』."

Life Candy is a long-running product of UOG's confectionery brand, 『Yuuouji』. Each unit, called a 『Chapter』, has one package with three pieces, and several flavor variations and themes exist.

For example:

『Love Chapter: Unrequited Love, Confession, Falling in Love』

The first piece would have a sour taste to symbolize the sorrow, the second piece would have an extra-hot taste that expresses the throbbing heart, and the third would be sweet like a burning heart. The themes of the candy are all over the place, but good materials and a low price had made it another hot-selling product and have taken half the popularity of 『Animal Candy』 away.

"No, when this was also rejected I grieved."

Yuuouji picked some up and handed them out.

『Chapter of the Lady Killer: Unfortunately I Cheated on Two People, Unfortunately They Both Know, Unfortunately I Was Stabbed』

"You said the last part so cutely! I was forced to laugh!"

『Chapter of the Middle Level Manager: Pain from Dealing with Above and Below, Being Laid Off, Dying a Dog's Death on the Roadside at 50』

"It's too sad!"

『Chapter of the Postmortem: Taking a Bright Memory into the Next World, Futile Effort, A One-way Ticket to Hell』

"Who would buy that?!"

『Chapter of the NEET: Really?, My Old Age, What Will Happen?』

"You'll make people cry!"

『Chapter of If You Win You Get Another: The flavor of wondering if I'll win, The I missed? flavor, You are an idiot if this is seen』

"What are you doing to the idiot?!"

None of those have any relation to flavors.

"How many of these canceled major products?......hm?"

I looked, trying to find something decent in the products on the floor. Squatting in the corner Yukihira caught my eye.

What are you doing with『Money maker』in your hand and staring......What? Her eyes are scary.

"Yukihira, what is it?"

"Ah, Amakusa it is you. This toy, it could be dangerous if misused. Shouldn't a person with good sense take responsibility for it?"

"Oh my......maybe so."

Or rather, it should be destroyed here, right now.

"Oh, me? No, it's impossible. Oh, I'm the only one? I guess it can't be helped, I guess I can since you ask."

"What is this act? Nobody asked you!"

"Tch......"

'Tch' was said. Just now she tch'ed me.

Yukihira stood expressionlessly, and Yuuouji's voice was raised.

"Ah, Furanocchi over here, hey! "

Yukihira returned the greeting casually.

"Morning, Maggot's daughter."

That joke, you're continuing it!

"Eh? Maggot? Ah, so, speaking of maggots."

Yuuouji groped and rustled through the bottom of the rucksack. Did she say『Speaking of maggots』......that's the first time I've heard that said.

"Yes, there's this too. Gee, what a coincidence, Furanocchi try to eat this."

Yukihira was presented with an earth colored package. It was printed with『Animal Candy Maggot Flavor』

What kind of miracle is that!

"Indeed, misfortune concerning maggots, it seems to be this......the developer should die."

If Yukihira eats it calmly, she will vomit it back up. Oh, I understand the feeling. What roughly do maggots taste like. Things of that type should already be canceled.

Yukihira undid the wrapping paper, then threw it in her mouth. For a while she rolled it on her tongue then declared with a serious look.

"Seriously, it gives the impression of a maggot."

"What kind of an impression!"

"The secret ingredient is one drop of Cicada pee, I think it adds to the flavor."

"Increase? You say something like that about sesame oil!"

While watching, I glanced at Yuuouji.

"I mean is it......even safe to eat?"

"It's okay, it's okay. The sweets have a『Strawberry taste』and a『Melon taste』without the strawberry or melon? Hey, Amacchi here is one too."

"S-so......?"

......I wonder what this is. It is not unpalatable, its not bad at all. It is a taste that can't be expressed.

"This, what in the world is in this?"

Yuuouji looked at the label.

"Just a moment. Umm, the raw material......its maggot extract."

"Waaaaaa?"

By reflex I ended up spitting the candy out. Yuuouji saw it and immediately went into a guts pose again.

"Amacchi, it's still good if you pick it up within 3 seconds!"

"That isn't the problem!"

"No Amacchi, I was just joking a moment ago, a joke! It doesn't contain any maggot juice."

Yukihira heard Yuuouji's words and clapped her hands.

"Oh, that is a wonderful maggot joke."

"That's enough!"

Arg......It's hard to tell the truth from Yuuouji's expression. I can't confirm it with my own eyes.

"Show it a little."

I half snatched it so that I could see the label side.

『The ingredients cannot be listed.』

Scary!

"Yu-yukihira, you aren't worried about this??"

Yukihira put it in her mouth before me.

"Oh, Amakusa, you aren't being very manly with this maggots issue."

"You sound like an old man!"

"Generally it is rude to spit out food people give you. I don't think it is quite the lowest act?"

"That's not very persuasive when you are holding a tissue to your mouth Yukihira-san."

"It's morning sickness."

"That's not even a decent lie!"

"Ahaha, both you, its okay, there are some cheeses in the world with maggots."

"You just said it is in!"

My voice that I was shouting with was going hoarse. How many times have I raised my voice this morning?

"......To be expected when those three are together."

I heard those annoying words spoken by someone. Speaking of Yukihira and Yuuouji bundled together with me, it could only be that.

"Shit, it's not right....... I'm not like that."

"Nahaha, Amacchisa, resign yourself and accept you are part of the『Reject 5』.

My shoulder is familiarly slapped by Yuuouji while the hated phrase was uttered.

Twice each year here at Seikou, a vote is taken in the first and second half of the year. Put simply, its a beauty contest vote by all the boys, up to 3rd year, 45 classes in total, which ranks the best 5 men and women.

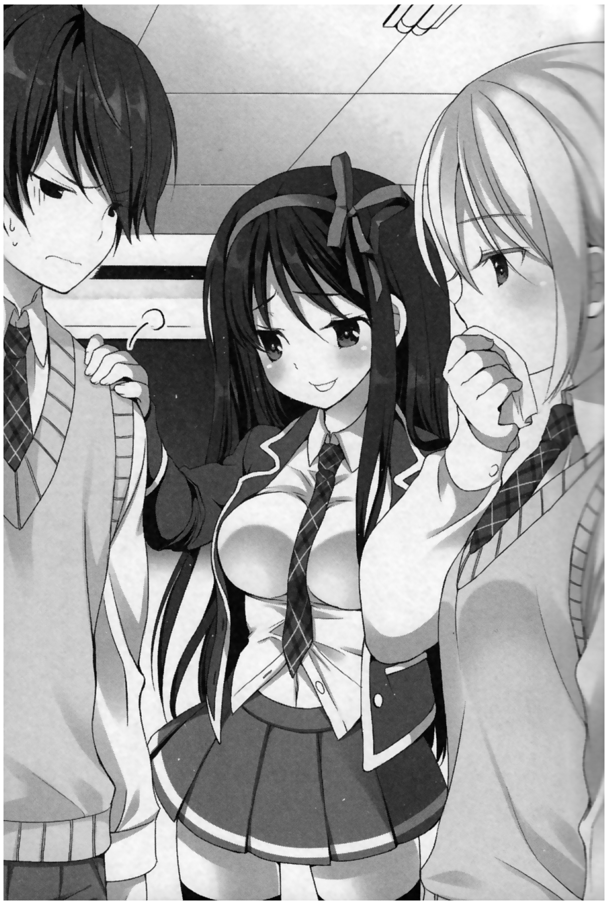
Because there are so many entries the newspaper and broadcast department take it up and close to 100 percent of the school is aware of it.

In it's brilliant shade an ominous ranking exists. Even though their appearance is excellent, their behavior and personalities make people judge it is impossible to fall in love with them, are 5 men and women.

The dishonorable name given to them is the『Reject 5』.

Yukihira shows no sign that she minds. Yuuouji doesn't seem to care about feelings like that.

However, I'm just a normal person and can't do that.



"I'm different, I'm different......I'm just an ordinary high school student."

However, no matter how much I lamented it, the title once given would not disappear for a half year or more.

By the way, the current rankings were totaled in March at the end of the school year. Because the then third year students were included, as of May in the new year there are nine『Reject 5』remaining.

Three people is one third of the list, and are concentrated in Second year class 1. The additional fact that not one of the students from the popular ranking is in the class it makes for a sad story for the class.

I don't want to think I have a third of the responsibility.

"Amacchimosa[25], you are cool when you are silent."

"No, you shouldn't be the one saying that......"

So, the story I spoke frankly about, I think that objectively I look good. In middle school confessions and love letters were not unusual. It's not too much to say I was popular.

However, March of last year just before I was entering high-school my life changed completely. The damn absolute choices happened to me, and I was forced into eccentric behaviour......and as of May in the second year of high-school the low quality label『Reject 5』was pasted onto me.

However, my abnormality in the end is caused by the irregular absolute choices.

The loose screws in the heads of Yukihira and Yuuouji are different. Amakusa Kanade, as a human, is a fairly normal character. So, even absolute choice doesn't
[CHOOSE: ① Strip to the waist and yell like a Japanese man ② Strip your lower half and yell like an Amazon warrior.]

Are you screwing with me heaven!?

Why come out with this now! Read the air! But, what prejudice is it that makes Amazon = naked lower half!

......Yes, it is ignored like usual. I'll do it, I'll do it. I thought you'd say that, I'll do it well.

I choose number ① and put my hands on my uniform, and I started to take it off despite hesitations.

"Oh my god, look at that."

What was sad that the girls scream『Amakusa is doing something weird again』didn't seem to come with a reaction like blushing, it had become such a typical atmosphere in the classroom.

Only a month had passed in the new class and its already been recognized that I'm the guy you don't help out even if I begin stripping......

I shook off the pain of that somehow and quietly(?) stripped to the waist. How about it choices, are you satisfied by this?"

"Gu......"

However, a headache hit signifying NO. Apparently it's not sufficient without shouting like a Japanese man.

"Gahaha, this is a hero's spirit!"

Already growing desperate I shouted that for the time being.

The pain faded away...... hey is it good like that?

"It's done."

At that time, the door opens, and the teacher enters with the worst timing.

My standing there doing the guts pose shirtless perfect draws her eyes.

"You......what are you doing?"

The teacher of Second year Class 1, Douraku Utage. With a body that can only make you think she is a grade school kid. But contrary to that is her speech and behavior which is crude and violent.

In the fairly loose atmosphere of Seikou, the yankee aura she gave out was noticeably different.

"No teacher, there's a deep reason for this......"

"Hmm, tell me what it is."

"No......I was ordered to do it."

"By who?"

"......by someone else in my head."

Not this, not this, despite everything.

"Come with me for a moment."

Utage-sensei's small palm, beckoned me.

"Sit."

"No, I want to put on my clothes first."

"Shut up."

"......yes."

As soon as my knees bent, I was grabbed by the base of the neck.

"Let's go to the special guidance room."

"Ow, it hurts!"

Utage-sensei commanded the class president to take roll call in her place and I was dragged towards the door.

Where does she store such power in that body!

There was nothing I could do as I was, naked to the waist, dragged down the hallway.

Part 3[edit]

I was taken to the student guidance room.

Utage-sensei sat her small body in the chair, with her head laid back, and lazily asked.

"So, why are you naked to the waist?"

"You didn't give me time to get dressed!"

"Rather, quickly cough it up. Afterall I don't have free time."

Although she asked the question she completely ignored it and put her feet up on the table.

"No, no. I can guess. Or rather, I know you didn't do it on purpose."

"Kuku, so what kind of choices did you have this time?"

......After all that's true.

I've met only one person, Utage-sensei, who knows the existence of the absolute choices.

"I had to show either the upper half or the lower half......"

"......You, so you choose the top? Geez, your a humorless guy."

"Taking out my penis wouldn't be a humorous situation!"

"It's no problem. At worst you would be forced to leave school."

"That would be a big mistake!"

"No skin off my nose, it would be someone else's problem."

"I'm in front of you! I'm a student in your class!"

Gu......I'm a student needing a good teacher but the only one around is this joker.

"Take it a bit seriously for a moment sensei?"

Utage-sensei dropped the joking manner and her expression became a bit clouded. A quiet reply is given.

"However, well...... still vulgar."

"Sensei......"

So, as a matter of fact, sensei previously had the absolute choices.

The absolute choice seems to be property that has moved through several people, from Utage-sensei, to the present holder, me.

Why did it move to me? Even if I ask that she evades with things like, its not time yet, or its troublesome to answer.

Utage-sensei lost her anxiety and went back to being lazy as always.

"Head back. I can't not formally punish you for this. But I'll do my best so hang in there."

Despite the dissatisfaction with the secretiveness, following last year it is good that the teacher for my homeroom understands, it has helped a lot.

If there was no arrangement with Utage-sensei then the repetitions of eccentric behaviour would have led to suspension or worse......I'm tired of it even if I say so myself.

"Ah, there is something I'm curious about."

About the topic of choices, I suddenly recalled it. This morning the strange creature, Chocolat, fell from the sky.

I don't know if there's a direct relationship to absolute choice, but maybe Utage-sensei who was a previous holder of it knows something.

"This morning on the way to school a strange, beautiful girl fell from the sky."

Utage-sensei, with faraway eyes, clapped me on the shoulder.

"That's too bad......you've lost the ability to distinguish 3D from 2D."

"No, no, its different."

Even though I think its a wild story myself, it is unavoidably a fact.

"Oh, during this time didn't you happily say『In the galgame, if you clear the heroine route 100 times, you can get her to come out of the screen and propose to the girl. Fuhihi』"

"I didn't say that! Is your memory okay?!?"

"Ah, was it a 101 times?"

"That's not the issue there!"

"Then,『Fuhihi sorry』was it?"

"That's not the point! Don't fake all those lines!"

I've thought this all this last year, is this person really a teacher? Anyway you slice it this isn't the behaviour of a teacher.

"You, what's with that stare......surely."

Utage-sensei took a step back unnaturally.

"It's good being in a closed room, that's your secret plan."

"No, no, what are you suddenly saying."

"Because you are naked to the waist in broad daylight."

"That's because of you!"

"Stay away pedophile."

"Where's the pedophile, think of your age!"

"I'm 12 years old. That's fine for a pedophile."

"Don't lie like a elementary student."

"It's noisy with you yelping and shouting. Well, what is it, you......"

"......There's no way your a teacher, you've forgotten my name?"

"Idiot, my class, hmm. I can't find it. Well, Ama......Ama......Ama........."

"I was in your class last year too!"

"Haha, it's bad it's bad, even as a joke Amakasa[26]."

pout

"What," *smile*, "Is with this feeling!"

I was completely made fun of!

"I mean, I did say I didn't have spare time. So hurry up and say it."

"No, no, this isn't going anywhere and you are to blame no matter what......"

I returned to the story even while complaining.

"So, there's the beautiful girl."

"Yes, yes, she fell from the sky, your daydream girl."

Ku......what an annoying way to talk.

"She fell as a result of an absolute choice."

"What was that?"

Her expression changed.

"......is that so?"

Her face went from smiling to listless and she murmured.

"Your face, do you have an idea?"

Utage-sensei didn't deny it.

"Well. But this, I can't just poke my nose in at a moment's notice."

It was a very indecisive way of speaking. However, Utage-sensei's eyes had a serious look.

"If I had to say something, it seems like the preparations for you to loose the absolute choice is complete."

"What? What does that mean."

The first period preliminary bell interrupted me.

"It's time, return to the classroom quickly."

"No sensei, I need more details."

"For now I can't talk further about it."

"No, but......"

If its about absolute choice its a big deal since it controls my life.

"Ssh, if you are too noisy I'll castrate your uvula."

"That expression is a bit funny......what are you emailing?"

"This? It's to Yukihira's cell, if you are not back in a minute she is allowed to burn your jacket."

"What a contemptible thing to do!"

No, if I think normally, just because she was told to there is no way to rule out the possibility that Yukihira would do it......no, there's no way......no, she might do it.

"Um, and sent. If you tattle I'll kill you."

"What the heck kind of person are you?"

"Is it okay? There's 50 seconds left."

"Ku, shit!"

I opened the door of the student guidance room and ran full throttle down the hallway......shirtless.

"Well......"

I don't know the true character of the creature Chocolat and if she's integral to my absolute choice. All morning Utage-sensei's words stayed in my head, focusing on the lesson was impossible.

That state didn't change even by lunchtime when I ate at my desk with several friends. I was absentminded during their conversation.

"What?"

Then, from the speaker above the blackboard came a voice that interrupted my thoughts.

<Ladies and Gentlemen, hello. It's Seikou Day Crash time.>

Ah, its that time already?

This program is done every lunchtime by the Broadcast Club. The MC Corner changes each day and it is quite an elaborate broadcast.

Well, if my thinking is jumbled up, no answer will come out. I decided to listen to it for a change.

<Well, this Monday, we've invited school celebrities to『Poison's Mansion』>

The light voice of the female MC speaks.

<Today, from Second year Class 1, Yuuouji Ouka-san and Yukihira Furano-san have come.>

I look around the classroom as that is said, there's certainly no sign of them here.

<Yoo-hoo, hello, I'm Yuuouji Ouka *Clapping*.>

<Good evening, I am Yukihira Furano.>

Yuuouji is always hyper, and why Shinichi Mori style Yukihira? These two people broadcasting together.....no, I have a bad premonition.

<Yes, as everyone knows last term these two were named to the『Reject 5』. Can you tell us how worthless that made you feel?>

The MC suddenly asked that rude question. Well that's her natural invective and S touch. She bluntly goes to areas that aren't normally touched upon and cuts deeply.

<Yes, ah, what is this button?>

<Wa-wait, don't touch that without permission!>

With a bang, the sounds of the MC panicking and standing were heard.

<What, but the instrument over here is broadcasting, and it was said to not touch it.>

<Then, even more so why did you push it?>

<It isn't a thing to touch?>

This isn't a comedy show!

As expected by Yuuouji, even with all the students listening she is very free.

<Then, pull yourself together. Yukihira-san thank you very much.>

The conversation has failed, Yukihira began speaking in a very theatrical tone.

<Ah I'd hate to brag? I didn't expect anything but yeah. The people surrounding me are worked up about it. I would have declined if I could do that. But that would be rude to the people who took great pains to choose me......I wonder if this side of me is embarrassing.>

Why do I feel like she was awarded a prize?

<Well......>

The MC is at a loss for words. If it was me I'd give up on continuing. But she gave a small cough and continued as though nothing happened.

<The to all the students listening could the『Reject 5』give one word. Even if it

will be worthless after all.>

You are purposefully provoking them and showing your shallowness MC.

However Yuuouji seemed to be entirely oblivious to the situation.

<Hmm, I don't really know the『However, it rejects!』feeling?>

That's a different meaning! The one being rejected is you!

And, the same question was given to Yukihira.

<After half a year, for a person who reaches this height, there's a lot to be expected of me.>

Why the condescending attitude looking down!

<......Indeed you two are unique.>

Do the two of them not shake you at all? There was irritation in the MC's voice as she changed the topic.

<That reminds me, in your class is another of the『Reject 5』. Amakusa Kanade is it?>

My hand holding the chopsticks stops. It was completely a surprise attack.

<Yes, it's a pity his brain is like that since his face is good, it must be a little difficult to be out in public.>

I don't want that to be said by you.

<Ahaha, he suddenly began stripping in class today.>

No, I did take it off......Yuuouji-san did you have to say it?

<He suddenly started stripping in the classroom......is Amakusa-san a flasher?>

<What? No, I think its different than that. I think he just suddenly wanted to take it off.>

Isn't that a flasher?!

<He cannot live without a mosaic already.>

It's like saying I'm an addict or something.

<As a classmate, I feel anxious for his future.>

Then close your mouth now!

<Then, next week shouldn't Amakusacchi appear?>

Yuuouji......why did you add that statement to this flow.

<Then because you introduced him with so much trouble, next week we'll see if we can have the despicable, trashy, rascal Amakusa-san as our guest.>

The MC is on a roll. In the confusion of the moment I've been terribly slandered.

<Yes, then lets call him immediately.>

In this broadcast it's said that the guest of the week will introduce an acquaintance. It's a rip-off of a certain daytime program. It's on a roll, usually you tell the person in question ahead of time.

"Hmm?"

While thinking that, my cell began vibrating. Why do they know my number......

<Hello, is this Amakusa Kanade-san?>

Because I had no choice but to go with the flow I reluctantly pushed the call button. The MC's lively voice jumped out.

"Ah......that's right."

It seems the other side is in loudspeaker mode, almost simultaneously with my remarks the speaker repeated it.

In other words all the students in the school can hear me as I talk.

<Did you hear the current broadcast?>

"Yeah, well."

It's safe. If I refuse gently there's no problem.

<Well Amakusa-san, though you are a pervert, why did it extend to doing such a goddamn unpleasant act?>

Ku, what a blunt way of speaking. But it's useless, I need to calm down. If I get upset it is what they expect.

I have to answer innocuously since they aren't neutral-

[CHOOSE ① "Uhehe, I wanted to take off the bottoms in reality" ② "Gehehe, now, what color are your panties?]

......Say that in return?

However, I can't do anything but say it. If a choice appears, there's nothing I can do but say it.

"Uhehe, I wanted to take off the bottoms in reality."

I said it while almost crying. A complaint that differed by not a single word flowed from the speakers.

Here you go MC, I can't expect anything but a counter. If I fend off the gag I might get away with a shallow wound.

<......Now, shall I question the two here in earnest?>

It is being ignored!

"Wait a minute!"

Though my voice is raised, the mobile is already cut off.

"......Amakusa, as I thought."

My consciousness is pulled back by the voice of a friend and I looked around the class. The boys are laughing with wry smiles while the girls are pulling back completely.

Aside from the top, it seems the bottom half has exceeded the borderline where they can laugh unenthusiastically.

"No, it's not like that......"

The moment I extended a hand out to explain myself. All the girls, together like in the army, looked away.

"Ahaha......there is no god in this world."

While giving out those dangerous words I put my face in my desk.

I must dream a dream to access the traffic accident right? Surely my body is in the hospital for quite some time. Yes, I must be there dreaming this unpleasant dream. But it seems like I'm really here. I wish I was in a parallel word or comic but my common sense says I'm here with women showing the whites of their eyes looking at me. Ufufu.

<----------->

The show had been continuing from the speaker all along but I didn't absorb any of it.

Before long it all became very vague as I sank into the sea named escapism.

"Haa!"

<Huh......Really?......Indeed>

After a few minutes as I came back to the world at last, I could hear the voice of the MC which seemed satisfied.

"So, then because it approaches the end of lunch today......>

The voice gave the impression of wanting to finish early, a desire transmitted clearly. While I was in my trip I didn't follow how the talk with Yuuouji and Yukihira was going. Even with her sharp tongue it was heavy going with those two as opponents.

<That's the story of the boil on John's ass in front of an audience.>

Did you talk about such a worthless thing!

Following the regretful Yuuouji, Yukihira's voice seemed dignified.

<Finally, I have a proposal for you but I wonder if it is good.>

<Ha, yes, what is it?>

The MC seems wary.

<First of all, I think the character at the end should be you.>

The young woman is saying something strange.

<......Ha?......That's......I'm not sure I understand.>

<The listeners have become used to your, frankly speaking, vicious tongue and

mannerism.>

The tone of Yukihira was without any feeling in it like always, but what was that? It's almost like there's different emotions in it. It's angry?

<By the way, today you made remarks about my chest being undeveloped...... Moreover it was three times.>

While I was gone to the other world, there was such a development?

Indeed, Yukihira's chest can't be complimented as abundant. It bothered her.

<No, it was part of the material......>

<Material? It was bad enough that even me who has an easy laugh wasn't able to laugh.>

No, you are a person easily provoked to laughter......

<Anyway, if you mock other people's tits, you shouldn't think it would end safe and sound.>

No, what is with that way of speaking, it sounds like there's another meaning......and be prudent about saying tits.

<Therefore the main subject is how to break the inertia, I thought of a plan for a new era. The name is『Sow MC's Moe Pig Paradise[27]』.>

What is that......incidentally, there are various opinions on the definition and origin of Moe Pig, it is for Otaku's who agonize about beautiful girls in anime and manga.

<In response to the master's small erotic request we will turn you into a sow of absolute obedience by doing various things.>

No, no, that's late night radio, you can't do that type of stuff during the day on the school broadcast system.

<No, that's impossible to choose. It's a school broadcast.>

The MC has almost the same impression as me. That's a fairly normal reaction for a person.

<You seem to misunderstand something, it's already chosen, sow.>

The MC is suddenly treated like a sow.

<Now, stupid sharp tongued daughter, shall we being the true sow training?>

There was a bang from someone standing up.

<Ah, umm, Yukihira-san? Why? Your eyes are scary.>

The MC was completely frightened. There was no trace of the poison tongued character remaining.

<Yu-Yuuouji-san, please help this person lie down for a bit.>

sleepy breathing

Seriously, you have the nerve to sleep soundly during a live broadcast. Moreover, you have only stopped talking about the boil on John's ass a minute ago.

<Fuaaa......the broadcast has already ended?>

<Roughly, it ended in a good place Yuuouji-san. Can you press down on the sow here for a moment?>

<Eh? I don't understand why you want it but yes!>

<What? Before I knew it my hands were tied behind my back!? Let go!>

The MC seems to have been restrained. Yuuouji's physical strength is overwhelming, and a normal girl can't compete against it at all.

<Cho, afu, Yuuouji-san what are you doing?>

<Hmm, I'm not sure why you are frightened, its just a relaxing massage.>

<No, you don't have to do that, just release me......what, just a moment, please stop, I hate it, ahh!>

The voice of the broadcaster flowed out. After that the boys, who weren't listening to the broadcast as they chatted with friends, stopped and began to listen attentively.

<The sides of Melon melon!>

<No, wait a moment, there...... I hate, why, is it so good, an!>

This is......erotic. It was being broadcast through the entire school. I can't help but say, Yuuouji, do more!

<Aaa, you are unusually sensitive. Ahaha, interesting, interesting!>

Yuuouji continued happily.

<Ah......stop it......stop!>

<It's useless sow. This studio is completely locked. Even if you shout and cry, outside help can't reach here.>

You, you are the villain here.

<Hii......hii......fuu>

The training went for a dozens(?) of seconds but in the end the MC lost.

The female MC was ready to talk properly.

As opposed to her, Yukihira was indifferent but nevertheless her voice had a small bit of satisfaction in it.

<You bark in a fairly good voice for the first time. That's it sow, keep going.>

She declared, there's definitely no next time.

<Ahaha, have you gone a bit too far? Her whole body is affected. The supplement drink.....there's none left. She drank all of the『AbazurenZ』?>

Stooopp!

<This can't go any longer. It's unavoidable, should I end it?>

Yukihira used a theatrical tone into the microphone.

<Everyone listen to this. Starting next week is the new show『Sow MC Moe Pig Paradise』. In addition,『Yukihira Furano's All the sows with tits bigger than B's should die off』will be broadcast, so wash your tits and apply young ladies.>

click

The voice was cut abruptly. Immediately after that random classical music flowed from the speakers.

......This, isn't this what's called a 'broadcasting accident'?

It's awful. It's too awful. Year 2 Class 1 is the called the school's most regrettable class.

The eyes of several classmates were on me. The eyes seem to be saying you are the same to me.

You're wrong, you're all wrong. I'm an ordinary person. Because of these hateful absolute choices, its true I do a few small strange actions, but I'm an ordinary high school boy.

However, calling out in my mind doesn't get consideration. With the awkward atmosphere, I ate the rest of my lunch, but there was no taste to it.

As the lunch break was about to end, Yuuouji and Yukihira returned.

"Yah-hoo, I'm back!"

"As a matter of fact its incomprehensible."

Both seem to have been squeezed hard in the staff office.

Yukihira doesn't seem to be reflecting on it and said that with a cool face.

"It's amusing. I thought in this country freedom of expression was allowed."

"Repeatedly calling someone a sow is not freedom of expression!"

"It's a little piggish joke."

"What on earth type of line of jokes is that!"

"Little piggish jokes."

"What black jokes[28] are you saying you feel like!"

"By the way, in case of black piggish jokes, it becomes blackpiggish jokes which isn't easy to say."

"From the bottom of my heart stop, it's good."

"Even the staff members of the broadcasting oinked a complaint."

"Making them feel like a pig by force!"

Yukihira was completing the first stage of the joke when Yuuouji pulled on my sleeve.

"Hey hey Amacchi. Look look!"

In her hand she held some photographs.

"After the broadcast we took some photo's and printed them out."

The first one. Was a picture of the MC with Yuuouji and Yukihira on both sides and was an ordinary picture. It's worrisome that the girl MC's expression is a bit hollow.

I mean, after such a thing, you took a picture......

It continued. The second picture.

"Yuuouji. What's......this."

In it the female MC has a smiling expression of ecstasy while her legs are completely spread in an M shape. Though the angle of the picture doesn't let you see under the skirt, it is a brutal situation.

"Ahaha, after the『AbazurenZ』was given she became like this."

"Seriously don't just give love aphrodisiacs!"

It continued in the third picture.

What's this...is it the stagehands of the broadcast club? The four men are queued up uniformly without energy and their faces were ashen.

"Yuuouji......this?"

"Yes, we handed out to everyone『Life Candy』's『Chapter of the Postmortem』."

"Fire that fellow immediately!"

"Yes yes, there's one more piece to report."

Like a grade-school kid with something to report, Yuuouji raises her hand while her eyes shine brilliantly.

"Yes, go ahead."

I encouraged her recklessly.

"You know, because I din't want you to have a preconception, it was presumed the Product Development Department made these. Actually the prototypes brought today......"

What? Yuuouji had an unusual pretentious way of talking.

"It was all made by me!"

"It's you?"

Well, even though he knew already, he felt it again anew.

Yukihira Furano and Yuuouji Ouka.

It's natural that they are rejected.

Part 4[edit]

"Phew......"

I reached the entrance of my house at last and sighed unintentionally. I'm tired......today was a tiring day. In addition to the rush of choices, there was the tiresome combo of Yukihira and Yuuouji.

However, at my home when I'm tired and open the door, there's no family to greet me.

Because my mother went with my father when he transferred, as of now, there is only one resident in the Amakusa household. It's like I'm a guy in a galgame setting.

It's time to prepare dinner, while holding that housewife like thought, I opened the door.

"Supi."

......What is that.

"Supi."

......There's the cause, someone's sleeping.

They're sleeping. A horribly deep sleep. Someone is sleeping in my hallway.

I don't understand......I don't know how this is happening. When? When was I hit with 'eye panic'[29]?

My head was still fully confused but my body moved on its own. Crouching down and crowding close, I shook their body strongly.

That person slowly sat up while rubbing their eyes and looked at me with their sleepy eyes.

"Fumyu......who is it?"

"I want to hear that!"

However, their identity was obvious. The fluffy blond hair, the small body, and soft voice......I had definitely met this creature, Chocolat, this morning.

"Ah, Kanade-san isn't it? Welcome home![30]"

"A-aah, I'm back[31].......you said welcome home!"

No, a smiling face is too natural, in a place that's natural, so that I ended up replying to it.

Calm down. It's too much to figure out at once.

"First of all......first of all, you, how did you enter my house?"

Before the purpose of this person, is the physical problem. The key used a moment ago is definitely in my pocket and the duplicate is in the house.

Chocolat explained with a laugh and a smile.

"I took an impression with a special clay and got a duplicate key made from a key merchant."

......That's a serious crime.

"Kanade-san what's the problem? You complexion looks bad."

"That's beside the point. The point is your behavior."

I understood. This person was simply a trespasser. It's not the time to leisurely ask her. You have no choice but to get them out by force. Just as I reached out with determination to do it-

"I came to help release Kanade-san's『Curse』."

"Wh......at?"

I stopped moving.

"The curse......the absolute choice thing?"

I felt intuitively that's what it meant. As expected Chocolat deeply nodded her head.

Seriously......Indeed Utage-sensei said it meant the preparation to end the choices.

"Now now, since you are talking about that, for now lets go deeper inside."

"No, why are you the one saying that!"

It's fishy......its very fishy. But, the absolute choices might be released. When I heard that it became impossible to drive her out immediately.

"Then, lets go."

Chocolat displayed the tension of going on an excursion as I guided her into the living room.

"......What's this."

The room temperate was exquisite, the fragrant smell of red tea tickled my nose, and the delightful sight of handmade cookies. The finest relaxation was prepared.

"Kanade-san was slow in coming back so I prepared."

Those are a wife's words, normally they would make a person feel happy but it felt weird hearing it from a stranger.

"Please don't hesitate, go ahead."

"No, why are you the one saying that......"

I sat down on the sofa as urged and reached for the steaming tea.

"How is it?"

"Oh, good."

Chocolat's face suddenly shone happily. Additionally the strand on top of her head started wagging.

"That's right, that is very high class."

No, I know since I'm the one who bought it.

Chocolat continued by handing out a candy dish with cookies on it.

"How are they?~"

"Ah, good."

Again her face suddenly brightened.

"That's right isn't it, they take time and effort to make."

No, I know because I baked them.

"That doesn't matter......lets get down to business."

I encouraged her to sit on the sofa on the other side.

"Yes, what is it?"

As I waited for her to sit I opened my mouth.

"Let us avoid a roundabout story......you, know of a way to remove the absolute choices?"

"Yes."

Chocolat nodded easily.

Seriously......it is possible to end it? The thing that's haunted me this last year?

"I'm begging, tell me!"

I couldn't resist my excitement and rose from my seat partly while asking.

"Kanade-san, please settle down. I don't know it."

"Then who on earth does?"

When I asked my question, Chocolat followed her own pace until the end.

"It's God."

"........................Yes?"

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ Kilograms, so 220lbs+.
2. ↑ いただきます is mostly used for eating and often translated as "I'm digging in!" or "I'm starting" but the base words are 'Thankful acceptance'.
3. ↑ Yabe is used with bones, it is a slang of Yabai which means beyond risky/amazing/terrible.
4. ↑ ふみゅ seems to be her little sound when waking or puzzled.
5. ↑ You see this occasionally where they comment a girl's breasts are too big for her to be Japanese; this was just a bit more generic than that.
6. ↑ reference to The Peony Latern a Edo-era story about a man who survived a poisoned by his second wife and her lover. He often flew into mad rages where he didn't recognize his daughter.
7. ↑ おなかと背中が、うらがえりそうです literally means my stomach and back are reversed hence his follow-up thought.
8. ↑ おいひーです seems to be a mumbled 'delicious'
9. ↑ her name switched from a 'Cho' spelling to 'Sho'. Normally they use 'Cho' for regular chocolate and 'Sho' when taking it from the French term for 'hot chocolate'. チョコレート (Chokoraato) vs ショコラ (Shokote).
10. ↑ here she uses お空 which might be a very respectful way of saying the sky without meaning Heaven exactly.
11. ↑ Signature winning pose by Guts Ishimatsu where they pump their both fists straight in the air.
12. ↑ children's book
13. ↑ Chibi Maruko-chan reference
14. ↑ Actual saying is he changed from calling her Kimi to Omae, basically choosing a ruder version of 'you' for her.
15. ↑ 神龍, which means Holy or God dragon and is what they use for Shenron in Dragonball
16. ↑ her name uses a Yuki kanji for snow and the hira kanji can mean flat/broad as in a broad expanse of snow
17. ↑ Ujimushi means maggot, but mushi also means 'steaming' as in 'mushi atsui' is humid weather.
18. ↑ This time Mushi was the verb to ignore.
19. ↑ Monsieur is Musshu, fairly close to Mushi.
20. ↑ Oppai was used, which is kind of a kid's word meaning breasts or boobies.

21. ↑ She replied back using パイオツ or paiotsu, which is more porn like/crude, like 'tits' rather than 'boobs'.
22. ↑ Her name changed from the inside cover 遊王子調歌 to 遊王寺調歌 but the furigana spelling seems the same.
23. ↑ Abazure means bitch.
24. ↑ Fukuzawa Yukichi is on the 10000 yen bill and is regarded as one of the founders of modern Japan.
25. ↑ I think this is her made up suffix using 'mosa' as in Stalwart, Man of Valor
26. ↑ Deliberate mistake.
27. ↑ The term hoihoi is used, which means something that can draw in lots of viewers who love something. In this case people who love Moe.
28. ↑ pun of piggish(my tl) 'butakku' and black 'burakku'
29. ↑ Medapani, according to UltimateOTL's translation it's a spell in Dragon Quest
30. ↑ Out of order she said: おかえりなさいっ/okaerinasai which is welcome home, its normally the polite auto-reponse to his next phrase
31. ↑ He says: ただいま/tadaima which means 'right now' or 'just now' as in I just got home, normally said first when you step in the house

Interlude 1: A Certain Possibility's Story.

Interlude A Possibility's Story[edit]

Yes, I was really surprised back then.

Because suddenly Yhira[1]-san's classmate started to say『Hey, your boobs, let me touch your boobs』.

Of course the classroom fell silent. That's what he's like inside. He said it again,『Hey, your boobs, let me touch your boobs』.

From the start there were plenty of strange things he said and strange behaviour......After all, people who become musicians have a different sensibility than us?

However, that wasn't the end of it then. After that he showed an abnormal fixation with women's breasts. At the time『Kanaderu[2] Kanade』seemed to sexually harass Yhira-san.

That might be when it all started.

Ah, is that when all the strange actions materialized? Yes, it was endless. For instance in the classroom he suddenly stripped off his shirt and went topless.

This is all for a news special on the budding and spirited musician Kanaderu Kanade and his megahit debut song『Glittering☆Breast Memorial』.

These are the memories of a classmate from his highschool days. Because the episode after that was too vulgar, it was rejected from publication.

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ Yukihira is referred to as Y平, a nickname but 平 is 'hira' and can mean 'flat'...
2. ↑ Kanaderu means to play an instrument (esp stringed ones), same as the

Kanji in his name.

Chapter 2: Yukihira Furano's True Heart - 69/94

Chapter 2 - Yukihira Furano's Real Heart[edit]

Part 1[edit]

"Supi-"

The girl was hugging the blanket like a hug pillow and sleeping pleasantly.

I knocked several times but there was no reaction so I reluctantly entered the room. Even with me nearby there was no sign of her waking up.

"Mufufu......*mumbles*"

I got up an hour before, washed, and even finished preparing breakfast so why is this freeloader sleeping like a log?

"......How did this happen."

While complaining about this strange creature Chocolat and how she came to live here I remembered last night.

"God......?"

"Yes, that's it."

God? This person suddenly said that. Though it was normally something to laugh off, Chocolat's eyes were intent and there was no sign of a joke.

"Ah, Kanade-san, your eyes say you don't believe."

"No no, but even if you suddenly say God......hmm?"

At that time, to fit the words, an email arrived. I took my cell out of my pocket to look at it and in the addresser's column『God』is listed.

God? I don't remember adding that to my contact list. And, this timing......It felt strangely eerie as I tried to open the subject『Curse Removal Mission』.

<Make Yukihira Furano laugh from the bottom of her heart Time limit May 8

(Wed)>

What's this? Yukihira? Why is her name there? The contents are too incomprehensible to even be a joke, what on earth is this thing?

While doubts chased around in my head, my cell phone's incoming call tune rang out.

"Ah, it is probably God."

I jumped as I heard Chocolat's voice. When I looked down at the display it showed『God』just like a little while ago.

Really, the cell phone number of the other person wasn't registered. How is it possible to display the name?

Surely......on the other side of the phone was something that transcended human understanding?

"......Hello."

I pushed the receive call button and held it to my ear hesitantly.

<Hey, it's God.>

They replied in an unexpectedly flippant voice.

<Hmm hmm, hello Amakusa Kanade-kun?>

"......You, who is this?"

This is......God? I felt like a fool for even starting to believe it. I felt the tension drain away and answered sloppily.

<Eh, God is God, Kami-sama. If you are saying I'm not then I'd like to see a so-called God.>

What......a flashy guy.

"What business does God have with a guy like me?"

Already I didn't think he was God but in order to figure things out I played along for the time being.

"Eh? You went to the point fast? You are seriously impatient."

Flashy, as a god or a man this fellow is flashy.

"You are really God?"

<Eh? You don't believe? You called me God a moment ago. God is seriously a world class God.>

Yes, I don't understand what that means.

"Please show me evidence."

<Evidence?>

"God on a cloud or thunder from a cane would do it."

Of course I don't seriously believe its possible but how can I react? The goal was to make sure.

<Wow, that's old. Kanade that's from ancient times! Your imagination's power is poor.>

.......Frustrating. This flashy guy is frustrating. He's incredibly frustrating.

<However, I can do something as uncanny~, this.>

"Therefore, the evidence?"

<Yes yes, how about this~>

Eh?

The moment the flash guy's words ended a strong sense of incongruity attacked.

What......is this?

I felt uncomfortable like I wasn't myself.

But, I didn't know why.

<Fufu, touch your chest.>

My heart guessed what the flashy guy was saying.

"My chest? Why......again?"

What's this? I have never experienced, even once, such a soft feeling in my life so far.

I touched it again......*Fuyon*.

Once again.....................flabby.

Another time..............*boing*.

<Your body, I changed it to a girl's.>

Ha? What's is he saying. Girl? What a foolish thing.

But, the feeling a moment ago is certainly......

My hand, went to my crotch in reflex.

"..............................It's gone."

Thereisnothingthereisnothingthereisnothing! That which should be there isn't there! The symbol of a man isn't there!

My face turned pale as the blood drained from it. I threw away the cell phone and ran to in front of the mirror in the washroom.

It was unmistakeably me reflected there. Eyes, nose, and mouth were the same as they have been for many years. They were all right.

However, the face watching helplessly from the mirror was a girl's. I'm a girl. The girl is me.

The hairstyle is still the same but it is now glossy and semi-long. Ba, its foolish......my eyes trace fearfully downwards.

The chest. No, the swelling is breasts not a man's chest. Perhaps, I'm not sure, but is this a D cup size?

This phenomenon that happened to me is impossible to neatly understand. Without realising it I start to unbutton my shirt.

Blush. The two of them, very clearly hanging from my upper body......are undoubtedly breasts.

"Fu......fufu......"

I took a deep breath after weakly laughing.

"Gyaaaaaaa!"

Immediately after screaming I ran to the living room.

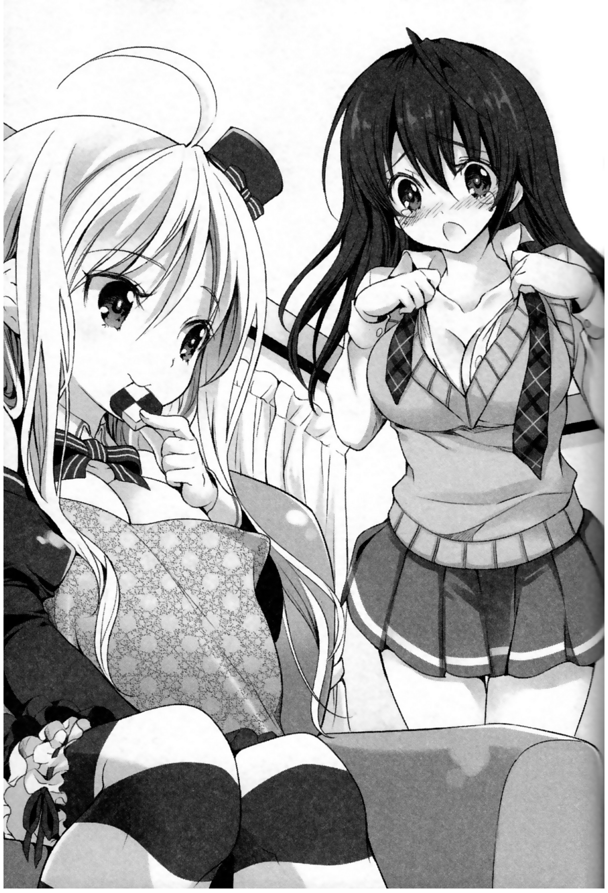
"Ah, woman, woman, I'm, a woman!"

Still confused I shouted at Chocolat.

"Please settle down, Kanade-chan."

"Who's Kanade-chan[1].....eh?"

I gave her the straightman's[2] reply. I noticed my voice had changed, it changed to something sweet like a character in an anime.



I grabbed the mobile lying on the floor.

"Wh-why is my torso like this!?"

<What's wrong, you seem to be panicking.>

"It's not there, that which should be at my crotch isn't there!"

<What, what isn't there~>

"So, you, my pen[3]--!"

The moment I tried to say the word my face went intensely red and felt hot...what's this?

<What's that, I heard chin.>

"The chin between my legs...where they meet."

It's useless, it's too shameful to continue anymore. Surely... not being able to say it is because my thinking has changed to a girl's?

"Kanade-chan, why are you in agony?"

"Don't call me Kanade-chan!"

<Ahaha, Kanade-chan's cute.>

"Shut up! And return me to a man immediately!"

<Eh? It's good. Such an experience doesn't happen even once a lifetime.>

"That's right. Such an experience takes 100 reincarnations to get."

<Look, that's well said. Do you want to stop being a boy? Or stop being a person?>

"Don't say that! Why is being a man like being on a dangerous drug!?"

My frustration went into my words.

"It's best to return quickly to being a man."

[Choose ① Spend your lifetime as a girl ② Do a three point handstand and call out the name of your favorite person from history]

"John Manjiro!"

"Kanade-chan, what are you doing?"

"I want to hear that!"

As I did the handstand I exclaimed that to Chocolat.

After confirming the disappearance of the choices, I instantly stopped the handstand, and picked up the thrown cellphone again.

"It feels good to return to a man so quickly."

<Eh? Isn't that a waste of tears?>

"Be quiet, reverse it!"

<Buu, it can't be helped.>

After the disatisfied voice replied, the sense of incompatibility disappeared rapidly. Each spot was rapidly groped. There were no breasts and there was that.

"Haaa..."

My strength drained away and I sank down.

<Well well, are you inclined to believe a little?>

Ku...If these types of things are shown I can't help but admit the person is at least not a human.

Such a playful guy is seriously a god?

The fellow on the phone read my silence as agreement.

<Okay, now that our friendship has deepened, let's get down to business.>

Friendship? If you say that seriously I'll think your brain is rotten.

<Even though it is related to your curse.>

"My...curse?"

A little while ago Chocolat also said that phrase.

<Well, your case, hmm...it was it was. In your head appears a floating thing that makes you choose, I think?>

"Ah, it's Absolute Choices."

<Absolutely choices, ~wow, Kanade-kun, that's a painful name. Chuunibyou[4]-ish.>

"U......"

Because there was little opportunity to say it out loud it I didn't consider that and felt some shame from naming it that.

<Oh dear, but that's one way to call it. So, the method of removing the curse.>

The talk got to the important part. I held my breath as I waited for the flashy god's words.

<Well, speaking frankly it seems to be handling missions that are sent to you.>

"The mission......Was it possibly sent as a strange sentence to my phone a while ago?"

Possibly the incomprehensible message talking about Yukihira laughing.

<Oh, seriously? Truly, that is good timing.>

I felt caught up by the flashy god's manner of speaking.

"Wait a second. I've had this vague feeling for a bit, by chance, do you not understand it all?"

<Yes, rather I mean I hardly understand it.>

Without hesistation the flashy god declared that.

"I almost trusted......aren't you a god?~"

<Yep that's right. I only just became in charge of your world. Because my predecessor retired after not succeeding well its very serious. >

"Predecessor......what does that mean, are there a lot of gods?"

"There's far more than a lot, they sweep and throw them away. Hey, there's a myriad of gods."

Sweep and throw away......when you say such words their importance is decreased.

This flashy god is probably even on the lower side of the range of infinite gods, can it understand? If this was the one and only god it would be unpleasant.

<Because the curse is particular to your world group, the reason is difficult to understand.>

If this story is true then the flashy god has become quite useless for this matter.

"About the curse, is there some way to ask the predecessor somehow?"

<Ah, that's impossible. I told you it had retired.>

"Retirement? What on earth reason would a person who is a god have to move down from the topline?"

<Maternity leave.> "Huh~"

<Maternity leave for the baby to be born.>

"A baby? God's?"

<Kanade-kun, you seem to be misunderstanding something, even gods eat, sleep if tired, and we look favorably on sex too.>

The last......is a bit more than needed to be said.

"But, even if you said retirement it is maternity leave? Without a serious injury isn't there a way to contact them for a report?"

<Ah, no no. She was apparently seriously shocked and has set up a barrier and locked herself inside.>

"Shocked? Even though it is auspicious to be pregnant?"

<Somehow, the pregnancy was at the end of an extramaritial affair and the wife yelled 『This thieving cat!』 and slapped her.>

"That's like a common daytime drama?"

What are you doing God?

<So she is obstructing anyone opposed to her giving birth to the child and making her a target. However to put it another way, she will come out if it is born safely.>

"By the way......how long is a god's pregancy?"

<Yeah, it is around 10,000 years in your world's terms.>

"I'll be dead a hundred times!"

I didn't think the common sense of a human worked but that's far away from the normal nine months.

<However, I'm in her office now and it is a huge mess of scattered documents. The only part about the curse I could scrape up is seriously troublesome, and this room stinks.>

Gods......are they even fit for it?

<A question Kanade-kun, are there parts of the situation I don't understand? It's written here 『With respect to Amakusa Kanade of the 49th world, our grasp of the irregularity doesn't seem right and it's expected there will be considerable difficulties in releasing it. Therefore I dispatched the most qualified person.』 It's

at your side? You can ask the child for details.>

Supporting role? Judging from the situation it is probably, maybe Chocolat......would waiting to hear be a mistake?

I thought I heard him say most excellent?

<With all this, I don't have free time, so if I learn more I'll call back. Byebye~>

"Oh, Oi......"

Though it was the flashy god who tried to end the talk he soon stopped.

<Oh, wait a moment. I found an important part, if you fail a mission even once, the curse will last for your entire life.>

"Ha? It said that......"

<See you.>

"No, wait a moment."

click

The call was ended, cut off onesidedly.

From the call history I found God's number and redialed it but got the artificial voice that's often heard.

<The number you have dialed is in a world were radio waves do not reach and since there is no power supply the call can not be connected.>

What is that!

I unintentionally dropped it to the floor.

"Oh, is the call over?"

Chocolat who was watching the television from the sofa called over with a carefree voice.

That's it. You are in such a relaxing mood. In my parent's house?

"Chocolat-kun, just a moment."

"Yes, what will it be?"

Chocolat swiftly swallowed the cookies and happily came over.

"I want to check a few things, first of all, did your memories return?"

"Ah, yes. I almost can recall things."

I gave a sigh of relief at her ear to ear grin. Even if she is a fool she is the only source of information left to me. I'm still anxious for the most part......

"Why can't I remember my own name."

Name? It's good that it is indeed a trivial thing she can't recall. Whether it is Chocolat, Parfait, or even Konjac, that has nothing to do with my absolute choice.

"Then, please teach me all you know."

"Unfortunately, that's impossible."

"......Huh?"

"There's no information for me to teach Kanade-san."

"No, even if you don't remember your name......"

"Yes, I've remembered I don't know anything."

"Huh?"

"Umm, well, even though there was originally the memory loss the things, I recalled it then forgot again."

In a word, double memory loss, it has returned to a memory loss and......what is that.

"Fufufu. Thus, even I am surprised I don't understand anything."

"Yes......I'm also surprised at your self-satisfied face."

That's the end of that......already I'm in a pinch.

No, is it too early to give up? Chocolate is a resident(?) of that world and if I ask her questions what might come out.

"Because I need to know, please explain step-by-step. First of all how did you come to my place?"

"Oh, yes. Without memories I found myself addicted to daily sweets and found a connoisseur. Amakusa Kanade-san, I'm to help you remove your curse."

"Indeed?"

"That's it."

"Huh?"

"You see, I have to stay by the target, a human being, that is affected by a curse, without doing anything."

What?......Something about this feels fatally wrong.

"No, I know nothing."

"I don't know it either."

Above Chocolat and my head a mark was appearing.

"Kanade-san, can I ask a question?"

After a silent moment Chocolat raised her hand vigorously.

"Although I checked, but Amakusa Kanade isn't hiding from loans and is really 『A・magusa・Ganadouru』 right?"

"Who is that?"

"This world repeats (External time) and (Internal time) every day. When it is in internal time, (Magical beasts) who are malicious towards humanity, start attacking all at once, that's how it is right?"[5]

"What's with that 2nd year of junior high setting!"

"Kanade-san, listen to the fall, the consciousness of the ancient warrior that dwells in the body is awake, when I think the strongest robot of today 『Eldoraon』 is summoned."

"No, that's enough......that's already enough."

"Really? Ah, by the way Kanade-san, isn't it time to go to bed soon?"

"Ah? What are you talking about. It is still too early."

"Eh? Because in this world, the causal body transformation of Kanade-san, the internal time sleeps right?"

"Is that the case! Tomorrow just come!"

"This......what does two bodies mean?"

The telephone call with the flashy god a little while ago, Chocolat's discrepancy of recognition, after considering the various situations, did God send to the wrong world?

Supposing a parallel world exists, where A･magusa (usually called Amakusa Kanade) exists instead of me, and was to receive a most troublesome curse, Chocolat was supposed to go.

This hypothesis, I said to Chocolat with a clap of my hands.

"To me, who was dispatched with the general knowledge and language of the world automatically installed in my head, it all felt too different."

......In simple, a dead end. The strange creature in front of me in order to remove the Absolute Choice, in conclusion isn't of any use.

I, while smiling ear-to-ear put my hand on Chocolat's shoulder.

"Please return."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah?"

"Until the subject of the curse that the assistant is assigned to is released from their curse the assistant can't return."

"......Why?"

"I don't know why."

"You don't know why?"

"I don't understand it."

"So, when will you understand it?"

"Kanade-san these cookies you made are delicious."

"You aren't joking?"

"Now, Kanade-san lets settle down and eat the delicious dinner."

Certainly I'm hungry, but this issue isn't settled, as usual I can't understand this person.

"Salmon meuniere is it? In the refrigerator is a prepared salad with vegetable relish and meat."

I don't like entrusting the kitchen to a stranger but with my confused mental state I couldn't bring myself to cook.

"Understood, then I'll order that."

"Hmm?"

Chocolat tilted her head in puzzlement.

"I don't know how to do that?"

"Ah? Not even salad of salmon meuniere?"

"? I'd like to eat that."

"I am making that!"

Decide, decide! This person can return to its world, the how doesn't matter. There is not the slightest reason for keeping such an unhelpful person.

"Hey, Chocolat, leave this house."

[Choose ① I already give up and let Chocolat freeload, ② I give up and I leave.]

Why!

......There was a scene that was hard to describe afterwards. Now it is the morning and I barely slept due to various ideas running through my brain.

"Supi-"

......This.

This sleeping face, it is too peaceful, it is at the level you hesitate to interupt it, but breakfast has to begin soon or there won't be enough margin to attend school on time.

"Hey, wake up."

I tried a light shake, with absolutely no sign that it was working. The moment I added a bit of strength.

"Ah......Kanade-san."

Chocolat, with a start trembled, and randomly called out in an erotic voice.

"Kanade-san.......Kanade-san, harder there......"

Hmm? What on earth?

"Ah, Kanade-san's hole then the hole is where the tentacle?"[6]

......Hole? Tentacle? Never.....

"Kanade-san's back virtue......ohh!"

This person......is corrupt.

"Oh......Kanade-san, that's a very agonized face, oh dear so good."

......It was not necessary to stay away from this person. I realised the solution was to close the nose and mouth and then breathing wasn't possible.

"......hmm?......fu?......miyufu"

After giving out a strange sound, Chocolate finally awoke. She glanced around half asleep, and the moment her eyes saw me she said "Ah, Kanade-san, good morning!"

She instantly flashed a big smile that lit up her face.

"A-Ah, morning."

Seeing the carefree smile I turned away by reflex. Even without makeup her features were well formed.

Additionally, the borrowed pajama's were dishevelled and a splendid amount of bare skin was exposed. Furthermore she didn't seem to mind that she was in a completely defenseless state.

"Kanade-san, what is it?"

"I-It's nothing."

Even though I understood Chocolat wasn't a human with my head, having a girl of approximately my age around still affected my emotions. While I was confused by myself I unconsciously looked down.

"Oh, you mean."

Chocolat seeing my appearance replied with a slightly guilty tone of voice.

"I'm half asleep, and my covering the carpet in drool is exposed?"

"What kind of sleeping posture is that!"

I felt stupid for feeling like she was of the opposite sex.

"Oohh, it is amazing."

Chocolat cried out exaggeratedly when she saw the breakfast displayed on the table.

I could hardly bring myself to cook yesterday and just ate cup noodles. When you eat those ready made things the nutrition is only partial and it adds up to nothing good.

A result of the practice of cooking for myself is the way it made Chocolat's eyes sparkle.

"Oohh."

Bang

"Haaa."

Each movement of the chopsticks is followed by an exaggerated reaction. Even though the menu isn't very varied, if she eats it with such relish and bouncy movements, I, as the person who made it can't feel bad about it.

However, the problem of Chocolat staying here is seperate.

"However......if you are a freeloader don't eat it all."

"Ehehe."

Oh? Why is she pleased? Taking sarcasm as praise, what kind on earth type of brain does she have? Looking down with my eyes that drip scorn, Chocolat seems to sense something as I raised one finger and swung it like a metronome.

"Kanade-san, Kanade-san, I don't want to calmly be in your debt, I am not one of those audacious people."

Oh, that's good. That's the feeling I wanted. I don't want to say give me money.

What I wanted was the feeling of being sorry and being grateful.

"Please leave the guarding of the house to me."

"What is your mind full of?"

She's useless......Still, there's not many choices. It's not like I can drive her out.

"Hahaha. Today I am not ashamed Kanade-san!"

Why does Chocolat seem to be full of confidence as she put her hand to her chest? She took something from that uselessly rich cleavage.

"Money......roll?"

10,000 yen bills. [7]

It's a bundle of 10,000 yen bills. Perhaps a hundred of them. [8]

"It was given for necessary expenses. If that isn't enough I can get sent addional amounts. I'll entrust it to Kanade-san for the time being."

Seriously?......I didn't think cold cash was a serious posibility. Now that she's given it to me, even if I have issues with this situation it can't be helped.

This amount is a lot no matter how you consider it, I'll only take as much as needed and return the rest later.

The source of all this, Chocolat, still seems somewhat suspicious but she might not be a fake afterall.

"Though I don't understand things like that, is that the end of the discussion?"

"This is dangerous money!"

Reflexively I threw it to the floor.

"......For the time being you hold it."

"Is that so? Please let me know if you need it at any time."

Dirty 10,000's that Chocolat stored in her cleavage. I'll consider it all later.

"In the meantime I'm going to school."

I stood up while letting out a light sigh.

"Okay, have a safe trip."

Looking at her usual ear to ear smile I suddenly had a question.

"Hey, Chocolat, why are you so happy?"

"What do you mean?"

"No, if it it was me and I was suddenly sent to another world alone, to help someone I didn't know, there is no way I could act so carefree."

Her character, even she's ordered to be like that, if I think normally about it, it is hard to say that attitude is natural.

"Well, we are servants of god and this is the work given to us. Therefore, we are built to feel joy from it. Dealing with cursed humans and breaking the curses cause problems in the mission but my feelings are adjusted."

Although it was a bit worrysome hearing her talk as though she was a thing, I don't know what is common sense in that world.

"Hmm, it's like that?"

"Yes, so therefore I love Kanade-san."

"I......"

It was too straightforward a statement of goodwill.

"What is it?"

No, I understand it. This person's goodwill if I compare it to something is like a dog has to it's owner. I'm fully aware there's zero love in it. It's impossible to hear『Love』from a creature as cute as this girl. But if she throws it out so much the reasoning of any man disappears.

"N-no, it is nothing."

It was extremely hard to say that while hiding my reddening face. I just learned that lesson a little while ago in the bedroom, but I don't seem to be teachable.

"Really? Then while you are gone leave everything to me."

Her words pulled my thoughts back to reality.

Yeah, I said I was going to school a little while ago, I have to leave things to her.

It was a mistaken to send an excellent person is too much for me.

"It's really okay......do you understand washing and things like that?"

"Yes, it will be alright if I experience it and practice it until it's perfect."

"No, have some experience from the start......what's with that studylike way of speaking?"

As I thought, leaving it to this person makes me anxious. I should simulate my leaving.

"Chocolat, let's have a test of me leaving things to you."

"Okay, coming and going."

First a simple leaving.

"If it suddenly rains?"

"I won't want to go outside."

"I don't want to hear your thoughts! Take the laundry in!"

Right from the start it is exceedingly bad.

"When newspaper solicitors come?"

"Take it if it comes with detergent."

"Hide before that!"

Next, next.

"If you have a "it's me" type phone swindler call?"

"I'll send the bills, that God forged for me, by bank transfer."

"A scandal will erupt!"

......Next.

"If Nakajima comes for an invitation?"

"Cook a meal."

"No resistance! In the first place that person only invites Isono!"

"Now, Kanade-san I think you are joking."

"You are guessing......you are right."

I unintentionally let myself get carried away.

"You should understand it all."

Shit, I'm showing my irritation on my face. I intended to retort but time is running out.

Damn "Well I'll be back."

"Have a safe trip!"

While holding a helpless feeling of insecurity, I received an energetic sendoff and left the house.

Part 2[edit]

"Buhiiiii."

It is second year, class 1's lunchtime and a voice is doing『Pig in the middle of being lynched』sounds.

"Buhiiiii."

My anguished voice sounds like a『Pig in the middle of being lynched』.

"Buhiiiii."

My face is indecribable as all kinds of negative feelings fill it. If you dared to add the title『Pig in the middle of being lynched』I wonder where it would go.

"Buhiiiii."

I finished the 10th cry of『Pig in the middle of being lynched』as required. With a blank expression I jumped down off the teacher's desk.

[Choose: ① Lie on your back on the teacher's desk and mimic the sound of a『Pig in the middle of being lynched』ten times ② Daigo-san nude, and tied in straw rope, will appear and do it instead.]

The moment this choice appeared, seriously......no. I felt like jumping off the roof in comparison. Trying to think of a pig who can't live no matter how it struggles I somehow managed to do『mimicing a pig's denying death cry』.

"Why......why did I see this......"

So, all of it is to blame on the Absolute Choice. If this can be eliminated I can regain my peaceful life.

The conditions have been specified. It seems I have to do the missions specified by God.

However, what is with the it being『make Yukihira Furano laugh from the bottom of her heart』.

It's so crazy my mind can't wrestle with where to start.

"......Eh~"

Feeling something behind me I glanced back over my shoulder. It was Yukihira herself. She was expressionless, as always, as she put her hand on my shoulder.

"Amakusa-kun, now I understand a little of your yearning feelings."

"Yearning? What on earth are you talking about?"

"No, even though is a lot to accept, it isn't very nice."

"You......What are you trying to say? I don't get it at all."

"Unfortunately, a while ago you suffered through the pig joke."

"That expression in your eyes!"

That? Yesterday she said talked about people being a pig or an insect.

"Btw, because you are fair-skinned it's not a blackpiggish joke, it's classified as a whitepiggish joke. In other words a white pig."

"I don't want to be told that by you!"

"By the way, when I express it with two names it becomes『White Pig's Stylish Laugh Time>."』[9]

"You say such shameful things with a straight face!"

"Though you deny it to me, if it's not a piggish joke, and not rainy season eccentricities, I wonder what on earth it is?"

"Uh......"

I found myself at a loss for words. How do I explain it......I mean, to begin with there is no reason, and there's no way I can give an explanation.

......Wait, conversely is this the chance? With no reason for the『Pig in the middle of being lynched』mimicing, rather, the piggish joke challenge might let me off with a light wound.

"To be honest, because your joke yesterday was interesting I tried to imitate it a bit."

After denying it instantly, is this lame? I did a searching glance at Yukihira but somehow got back an expression of contempt.

"Afterall it was true."

"Yes?"

"I thought and asked leading questions......every night I thought and worked to reach the piggish joke."

This person......what on earth is she saying?

"This already is at a level where there's nothing to do but launch a lawsuit."

"No no, this is a tapir, not the same as a pig."

"I appeal!"

Yukihira shouted out in the style of a certain comedy group.

"No, therefore it is nothing like a ripoff."

"I appeal!"

This person......just wants to say that phrase.

"I understand, I was bad, stop it already."

"I appeal!"

I got it!

"Presiding judge, please call the presiding judge to me."

"No, they aren't here. Why are you『Calling a Chef』[10]?"

"Noo, we already ate."

Ouji clearly aimed to appear with that timing.

It seems lunch finished in the school cafeteria, and she entered the classroom while contentedly rubbing her belly.

"Oh, the presiding judge is back to just the right spot."

"No, that is plainly Ouji."

"Hmm~ for some reason I sense something interesting."

Crap, I have a premonition things are going to be more troublesome somehow.

"Presiding judge, this person is the outrageous one who tried to steal another person's intellectual property. Give an impartial judgement."

Your intellectual property......the pig joke is intellectual property.

"I don't understand but, the death sentence."

"The summary trial level is done!"

"It's decided. It's good to barbecue quickly."

"I am not a pig!"

Yukihira's tsukkomi was disregarded and unconcernedly continued speaking.

"Presiding judge, there is two issues. Needless to say the first is is the defendent『Are they guilty or innocent?』. And the second thing is the defendent『A man or a pig?』."

"I don't get the nuance!"

"When you bring it together it becomes, is the defendent『Guilty or a pig?』."

"I don't get that even more!"

"Amakusa-kun, being a man and guilty in a sense can be said to be equal. Man is a living thing that's work consists of sacrificing all other lives......So to say, it's existance itself is a crime."

"Why does that sound a bit cool?"

"Presiding judge, it's the time of decision."

"No, it's too early. Because nothing has been discussed yet."

To begin with, being guilty or a pig, hasn't been discussed.

"Hmm, a pig then."

"A pig, no way!"

"Hmm, then guilty."

"Guilty, no way also!"

"The judgement was reversed, the presiding judge's sympathy was given but you still give this attitude......can't you accept it and stop joking?"

"No, that's you! The one joking is you no matter how you think about it!"

"But, Kanade-cchi's pig cry mimicry echoed out of the classroom and that's a typical crime."

"Umm......"

There's nothing I can say in reply. I feel like it's at a misdemeanor level.

"That's so. Amakusa-kun is vaguely like a pig and is indirectly guilty."

"Like......isn't that completely subjective?"

"Amakusa-kun. If you think a single individual can completely objectively judge someone, that's egoism."

"So why are you saying those cool sounding words!"

"Now choose Amakusa Kanade. Living in a pigsty as a pig, or thrown in jail like a man?"

"Both are refused!"

No, you two, I want you to have already pardoned it.

"Heyy!"

At that moment the door was flung open and Utage-sensei invaded the classroom.

"Ack......"

The teacher came towards me in a rush and caught me by the nape of the neck with no discussion.

"You Amakusa......are a pig brought to the classroom to be intently played with?"

"No no, that's impossible. Sensei, I'm one of your students?"

"You're a pig."

"What fatlike impression are you saying you are getting!"

"That's just a joke. I heard an unpleasant voice like a pig from the class, the snitches brought it to the staff room."

"That......was me."

"You? Amakusa-kun, though it's the usual, your problem causing and acquittal is not a good example to the other students."

No, I understand the principle and it's not good in appearance. Pretending to be bullied as I am taken to the student guidance room, but the rapid movement and strong pressure!

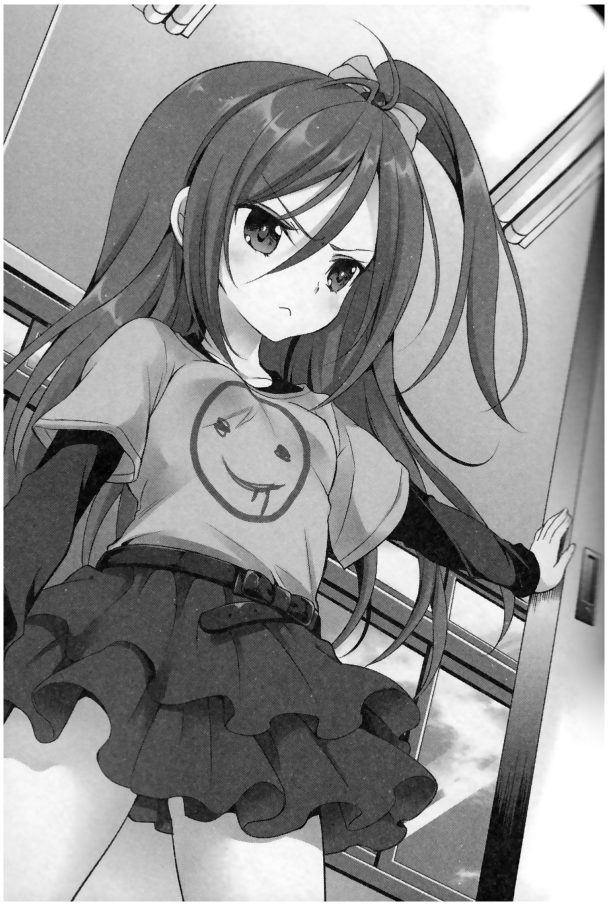
"Oh......this feeling of digging into my flesh, I didn't miss it."

As I was dragged horizontally I whispered a dangerous thing.

"Oops......we've reached it. This is a bit quiet but I'm still unsatisfied."

That's strange, that's strange. This person is weird!

"Amakusa, so, this thing."



"No, what kind of thing? Gaahhh!"

Before I know it, my conciousness has faded.

"So?"

"So? That's not it! I wonder if others will talk!"

The student guidance room. When my homeroom teacher talked as if nothing had happened, I, who came with her, exploded with dissatisfaction.

"It's safe. A person doesn't die from just that."

"That's not the problem!"

"I'm a professional at strangling so I'm very knowledgeable about where to safely draw the line. I used to be called 『Strangle to Death-Utage』."

"That's like the title of a heroic movie, not!"[11]

No matter what happened, those two names shouldn't be attached to a japanese language teacher......what two worlds did this person live in.

"However, if it wasn't for that, that place wouldn't be settled?"

"No it was settled! Rather, the bigger problem is you!"

Because she got excited selfishly remembering the old days, and then strangling me, I nearly suffered a trauma.

When Utage-sensei was telling it she showed a unique expression.

"Well certainly it could have been a bit of an overkill......Alright, then I'll do you a favor and teach a good move."

"Good move?"

"Ah, it's『The Vital Point That Destroys The Last Five Minutes』."

That smells fishy!

"It's still around five minutes. Do you want to try and forget the last little while?"

"No, I decline......By the way the vital point is where?"

"Oh, its at the back of the head. It's a small spot you fling against a wall or a floor."

"That's not a vital point at all!"

Seriously, what kind of person is this person......However, this person who's arrogance is depicted was also cursed for a time.

I can't imagine Utage-sensei being toyed with by the Absolute Choices.

"Sensei, were you really cursed?"

Though I asked the question casually, Utage-sensei's body seemed to tremble briefly.

"Well......To tell the truth my character is a bit rough because of the curse. When I was you? It came into my head all the time and twisted me. I was originally more docile, pure hearted and sweet......Yeah, in a phrase 'a graceful japanese woman'."

"Sounds like a lie!"

I said that out of reflex.

"Hey! It's true."

No......Showing such a threatening attitude, it's impossible to believe her. I'm usually scared of her.

"Good grief......Well, that aside what became of the matter of the person falling from the sky yesterday?" Sensei asked that while leaning back with her legs outstretched from the chair. Ah, did she worry about it?

I reported all the minute details of the flashy assistant Chocolat settling down in the house.

"In the end did the damn mission come too?......"

After sensei heard the explanation her expression clouded up.

"So often the mission make you go what on earth? Because the contents are like that it's hard to know how to do them."

To make Yukihira laugh, Absolute Choices doesn't seem related to that.

"That girl is always serious."

"Huh?"

Utage-sensei's mood changed.

"The god and I seem to fit, the contents of the mission are a joke and the curse can't be removed if you make even one mistake......That's serious."

To the hard tone, I held my breath instictively.

"Why? It's meaningless to think about it. You can only manage to do it. Listen Amakusa, fight with the will to die![12]"

That it was not a threat or a joke was clear from sensei's expression.

"So, you've been following along until now, now it depends on your working hard."

Where on earth have I been following, is what my heart retorts, but if I say that it will become complicated again so I'm cautious.

"Well, the important part of the mission is what? Look at the cell phone."

Sensei checked the contents, and then eyes full of pity glanced at me.

"......That's pathetic."

"Eh, wait, what's with that, it seriously ends with that feeling."

"From the reaction of Utagi-sensei, the feeling of an impending crisis rapidly built."

However, I have to make Yukihira laugh by the end of tomorrow......that's very unreasonable.

"Well, it is what it is."

In the afternoon class, my eyes looked around the middle of the classroom to where Yukihira's seat.

Yukihira was sitting with her chin lightly cupped with one hand and listening to the teacher talk. Her face was expressionless as usual, the features still were fairly beautiful.

No no, it wasn't the time to leisurely think about things like that, if I don't have her laugh heartily at me by tomorrow it will be terrible.

Just because there's the example of Utage-sensei cancelling the curse on my side, simply because there's hope to remove the curse some day, this year, I absolutely have to endure the unreasonable demands of Absolute Choice.

However, by failing a mission, I won't be able to break the curse for the rest of my life......it's notification of the end of my life.

Snore

From behind I can hear the sleeping snores of Yuuouji bring me back to here and now. She was happily sleeping while slobbering in a notebook.

"Fufu......Yes! Hamburger......Curry and rice too."

Who on earth dreams like that. Is she a child?

If Yuuouji was the target of this mission her wild instincts would have made it very easy. Oh well, may as well ask for the moon (is that really different?) it's unavoidable and I have to carry it out.

First of all, I've never seen Yukihira laugh.

When I did bad jokes her voice would rise and she would have an exaggerated expression but as soon as it ends she would be back to being expressionless.

At that moment, Yukihira who seemingly felt my look turned around and looked directly at me dammit!

"Umm......"

I didn't have anything to be ashamed of doing but the person in question guessed I was watching and I did feel ashamed.

Yukihira observed my lost expression and after narrowing her eyes a moment glanced back to the blackboard.

After the class ended Yukihira faced my desk straight on.

"Amakusa-kun, no matter how you regret it, our relationship won't change."

This.......Possibly, did Yukihira misunderstand after being looked at for so long?

"N-no, that's wrong Yukihira that wasn't the reason!"

"I can't become your little sister."

"......Huh? What on earth did you say?"

"Actually, on the anime broadcast yesterday, 『Magical Young Man[13] Gurigyua 5』 episode 330, the new magical tool 『Become An Older Brother Glasses』[14] appeared. The effect is said to be 『When worn and staring at other people's backs, whoever it is, changes into a younger sister』.

It was a bonk worthy setting. Could such an anime continue for over 300 episodes......

"Incidentally the 100-year old grandfather was changed into his younger sister and began to flirt in public."

"Where's the demand for something like that!?"

"I was certain that Amakusa-kun had obtained 『Become An Older Brother Glasses』 and was trying to make a younger sister of me."

"Don't believe in magic tools existing in reality because of something like that!"

"Because don't they say that if a man is over 30 they become wizards[15]."

"Could you stop assuming people's futures!"

Contrary to keeping the joke going Yukihira's face is expresionless.

To make her heartily laugh is.......greatly unreasonable.

Part 3[edit]

"I'm back.......I said?"

When I returned home there was no sign of Chocolat. She was left to watch the house, did she go out without permission?......

"Oh well, its good."

Now Chocolat is away. I need to think of a way to make Yukihira laugh immediately.

......"It's useless."

In the middle of cooking supper, even though I was only thinking of the problem nothing has come to mind.

To begin with, I am not a comedian and making people laugh from the bottom of their heart is an impossible task.

Probably as Utagi-sensei says, even if there's no way to do it but you put your soul into it it can work out somehow.

I stopped heating the pan while I sighed and Chocolat came back as though she had timed it.

"I'm back!"

"Oh, where did you go?......What is that bag?"

On the back of Chocolat, who vigoursly jumped into the room, was a swollen rucksack.

"Goods to make Furano-san laugh. For Kanade-san's sake I've run around all day collecting them."

She looked happy as she laid the rucksack on the floor.

Even though she prepared all this my expecations are low, but with no ideas of my own I'm in the frame of mind to clutch at straws. I reached out a hand to the rucksack to figure out it's contents.

"Um......What is this smell."

Chocolat had turned her attention to the kitchen and was sniffing the air.

"Ah, that's the Pot-au-feu for dinner."

"Po-pot-au-feu......this house has something so trendy?"

This is the first time I've seen someone say something like trendy. To begin with Pot-au-feu is actually a simple home cooked meal, there's nothing trendy about it.

"After looking in the rucksack......no, did you eat already?"

"Lets do it, lets do it!"

She looked like a dog being told to wait, it's hard to check it calmly.

- Chew*

"......Woaa......this......what is it called......immensely......Pot-au-feu is it."

The inner dog was showing in the frighteningly poor vocabulary. Well, I could tell she was satisfied with the taste just from watching her face relax.

"Now I want you to show what is in the rucksack."

"Ah, that's so. Fufufu, well then I'll swiftly pull out a bit."

She reached into an outer pocket of the rucksack and handed me a book from it.

『10 Ways to Make Girls Smile ~ You are now The Popularity King!』

......It already looks very fishy. And then there's the 'good taste' in the subtitle.

"Let me see."

In all probability this type of book is useless. But with Chocolat spending so much effort to bring it I can't just reject it so I began paging through it.

There were a lot of illustrations making it fairly thick, and reading to the end seemed a bit troublesome.

Just after the table of contents I found a page that showed the main points so I decided to look at that.

<① You are pretty. And I admire you.>

Suddenly suprisingly blunt contents, if it's said that way surely even the worst natured woman would like it I think.

<Comment: If, the other party is not a pretty girl then smilingly joke a bit 『You are pretty』.>

That's at the limit of rudeness!

<② Use a metaphor to compliment them.>

Putting number ① to use? Smiling like a sunflower, is it doable? Cleverly saying it should please a girl.

<Comment: For example a horse-faced girl 『Hey, you! The one with the face that looks like it chases carrots.』>

Enfuriating.

<③ Give the complement your companion wants from you.>

How is that slightly helpful? Since it varies case by case.

<Comment: Well, the previous example might not have been what they were waiting for, and they won't necessarily be happy……>

Then don't write it!

<④ First of all be seen laughing.>

Ah, this part could be quite deep. I'm certainly not happy, so there's no reason for those around me to smile.

<By the way the author, wearing sunglasses and a coat in summer, practiced this in front of a little girl and made her burst into tears.>

That's just like an ordinary pervert isn't it?!

<A little girl's tear streaked face......Hahahaha>

Police officer there's a suspicious person there!

<⑤ Give money.>

That's useless! Don't do that! Then they are just likely to smile temporarily.

<The smile obtained by this method is a 100% immitation of a real one.>

The goal of this guy's book is grasped it seems!

<⑥ Spank on the butt.>

No no no, what are you suggesting without warning!

<Comment: When the writer's wife does I smile without fail.>

That's at the M level!

<However, if you say do I prefer beating or being beaten, I prefer beaten......>

Thrash each other freely!

"What's with this book……"

Already I'm disgusted. After all that I don't have any expectations left but since I'm already this far I'll finish it to the end.

<⑦ Say『I think you should laugh』to them.>

That's a trick isn't it!

<Comment: If she's usually expresionless and says『Sometimes I don't know which expression to wear』you reply back with the above.>

That situation absolutely never happens!

<⑧ Talk about the next year.>[16]

There's limits it to being a demon! Limit it to a reasonable scope!

<Comment: Though this only seems effective on demons, all women are demons at heart.>

What's with that! Though I sort of see your point a bit.[17]

<⑨ Laugh......>

What's that? That's the least understandable so far.

<Comment: It's good!>

You're really motivated!

<⑩ Tickle! >

Take them on?!

"Make this out of print immediately!"

I got so angry I threw the book at the floor.

"That didn't help?"

"Ah, it didn't even help a millimeter."

The fact that merchandise like that gets sold is a miracle. Publisher, do your work properly!

"Really??"

Chocolat picked up the book from the floor and looks at it interestedly.

"It's worthless?"

How can you expand contents like that to 300 pages. That's the interesting part.

"Well, it's interesting with the Secret Technique『48 Tickle techniques for winning in Sumo』, all illustrations included."

What the hell is that......It's a waste.

"It's okay, I'm going to take a shower."

I spoke to Chocolat who's eyes brightened for some reason afterward in the living room.

"Oh......still reading it?"

After the shower I returned to the living room toweling my head dry and found Chocolat was still crazy.

There doesn't seem to be any value in reading that book, but alternatively there's no reason to stop her. I sat on the sofa and turned on the TV.

I should check the contents of the unopened rucksack but likely the book was the best of it and the rest is a waste of time.

What kind of reference book is that I thought, as I found a comedy show.

......*pfft*

Although the show was an ordinary talk show that brought on entertainers it was still amusing. However, even if I steal this and use it on Yukihira it wouldn't be funny.

How to say it, laughter is from not only the material, but the creating the right atmosphere, and bringing all the complex parts together. I don't seem to have that sense.

Then how am I to make Yukihira laugh? I can't think of a conclusive way, as that thought went around and around in my brain, suddenly someone put a hand on my shoulder.

"Huh, Chocolat?"

"Kanade-san, I'm finished learning the 48 tickle techniques in sumo's. I really want to try it but there was no way."

With a fearless smile Chocolat leapt onto the sofa.

"And, this is a good opportunity for skinship."

"Skinship?"

"Yes, I want to help you so much with this, but Kanade-san is aloof, and I see it's because we don't have a close bond. And wanting a little more I think skin should touch."

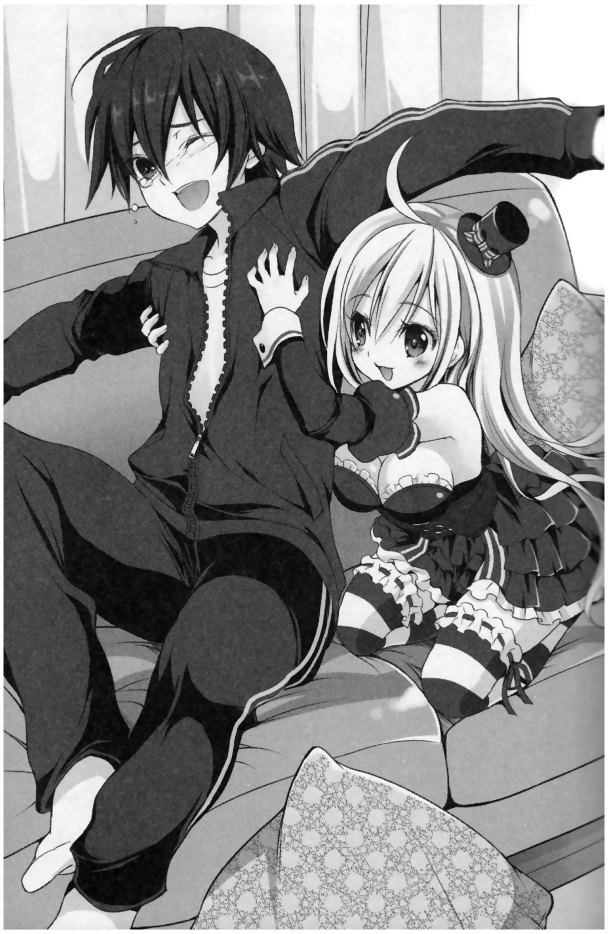
What kind of reasoning leads to that conclusion. Me being aloof is just because anyone who's your partner will get worn out?

Suddenly I was grabbed and turned around, and two hands were shoved into my armpits.

"Wait a minute, what are you doing, get off me......too strong!"

Daigo-san and Utage-sensei were both superhumanly strong, but this belongs to a different category. My body itself was shook like it was in a vise and clamped down on.

I mean, in truth, it's like, my chest......my chest has reached my backbone!



"Haha, resistance is futile!"

And, what is this scent......this fragrance is amazing. In the exquisite fragrance, I had an illusion that my brain was melting......reasoning......dangerous......

"Oh, that's a good relaxed look on your face Kanade-san."

Wait wait wait! Calm down me! Even though she appears to be a girl, it's a creature from a strange world, it's not human, it has a tail that shakes like a dog when, it's a dog, a dog! She's only a dog.

The excited petting is over. I, as the owner, need to train it properly.

"Hey Chocolat, let go, this is an order!"

As I turned my body, Chocolat's hand which was in my armpit touched my nipple and a strange sound came out.

"Fu fu, well then I'm starting. 『B.O Destruction』"

"No, wait a moment----Buhaha."

My armpits were single-mindedly groped.

"That's good, lets continue with 『Dishelved Side Button』, starting."

"Cho-Chocolat, I said stop......Gyahahaha!"

I was writhing in anguish on the sofa.

"This is a bit amazing,『Crysanthemum Straight Line』[18]."

"Yo-wai-it's useless Hyahahahaha."

"Fu fu, real skinship starts from here."

"Ihi[19]......ihi.......really Ihyahyahyahyahyahyahya."

"Ahaha......aha......ahahahaha."

Tens of minutes later. I was lying on the floor wrapped in an extraordinary feeling of euphoria.

I laughed. When was the last time I laughed like this.

"Aha.....Chocolat......Laughter is a wonderful thing right."

"? Kanade-san that seemed a touch more dangerous than usual."

It's useless. I'm completely worn out, I don't even have the willpower to retort.

Or perhaps I should say, I'm sleepy. But falling asleep......can I sleep like this......no, this is useless for making Yukihira laugh......nothing came to mind......I should do this to Yukihira......I can clear the mission, Yukihira can be happy, doesn't that kill two birds with one stone......but will it be sexual harassment when I do it......if instead Chocolat does it I don't clear it afterall......ah, I'm sleepy......sleepy.

Part 4[edit]

"Ta......ouch!"

I woke up and felt pain immediately.

"Hey......I'm alive?"

Why was I sleeping here? Last night......Ah, that's it. Chocolat for some reason I don't understand tested『48 Tickle techniques for winning in Sumo』on me. It became pleasant and I fell asleep......No, I remember up to there but why is my body in so much pain?

"Ku......"

Getting up, which made my whole body creak and ache, I stepped to the table, and stretched out a hand to the『10 Ways to Make Girls Smile ~ You are now The Popularity King!』book sitting on it.

As for the cause of the pain,『48 Tickle techniques for winning in Sumo』, I turned through some of the pages. At the last page was a red note.

※ Attention! When you study these 48 basic techniques in Sumo thoroughly an indescribable pleasure is attained at first then the side effects attack.

What is that......it's confusing. Beside that is a small cute character has a speech bubble and is winking.

『In the world there's not often good stories!』

"That's not so!"[20]

Irritating, that's extremely irritating! I'm going to call and complain later. What on earth is with this publishing company.

On the spine is a『Published by UOG』mark.

"You?!"

On reflex I threw the book at the wall.

"What time is it now?......Ge."

Looking at the clock on the wall, it's past the time I normally leave at. Ku, I'm not normally a late riser......There's no help for it, I'll skip breakfast today.

I don't have time to wake Chocolat. Only because she is likely sleeping like a log carefree so there's no question in leaving her be.

My body screaming as though whipped, I changed my clothes.

Chocolat used that technique on me 10 to 20 times (as best as I can remember) yesterday.[21]

And because of that I'm eating this full course of pain......my imagination made my body tremble shaking, I reached the hallway.

Isn't this durability? The pain seems to have softened which is fortunate.

"……That reminds me, there was that."

The rucksack was stored in the entranceway. A memo in very rounded writing was stuck to it.

『Furano-san also、baang, Baang!! Chocolat』

What's with that way of writing, seems like very dumb sentences.

I thought of checking the contents, but I feel like it's going to burst any moment, and will explode with any momentary openings.

Well, it's better than nothing. I opened the door while feeling the heavy weight on my shoulder from the bag.

"After all......it's useless."

On the way to school I thought whether there was any interesting ideas but I didn't think of anything by the time I reached the classroom. I opened the door and looked inside, I could see Yukihira standing by the windows.

Well, as I approached her thinking about things, she suddenly turned around without warning.

"Ah, Amakusa-kun, Goodyogurt."[22] ......A terrible response with a troubling greeting.

What should I do for this? A comedic greeting, do I ignore it like it didn't happen?

No, usually I would do either, but today I have to make Yukihira burst out in laughter no matter what. If I don't do the boke response with enthusiasim it will be bad.

"Wait a minute! That might be moo-old......moo." [23]

With yogurt being a dairy product I put in a cow call.

Yukihira, who briefly showed surprise, put on a serious look and stared into my eyes.

"I don't think it's a little."

......Chopped down with a single stroke.

"Amakusa-kun, yogurt is a dairy product, so you added a cow's moo."

"Could you stop calmly explaining it?"

"Moreover, don't you think it was a bit confusing, and then saying it once again at the end, that's a quite pathetic effort."

"You Hidee!"

"Furthermore, did you become a bit ashamed, there was a momentary hesitation before you said it the second time. A high school boy's embarrassment is not in demand anywhere in the world."

"Umm......could you forgive it already?"

"So, well, should I do that? However, stylishness of the cow and moo, how should I put it......*Smile* That's not an urban way of speaking."

"You're also not very normal!"

"Oh, that's rude. According to my YurokuO Comic, because it's authorized as official greetings it's properly listed in the dictionary."

"I stopped believing that after childhood!" [24] Yukihira was in peak condition this early in the morning.

"Yukihira."

After the end of first period, I went straight to the desk Yukihira sat at. The deadline is one day, as of today. Even if the start was foiled, there's no time for hesitation.

"Oh, what's the matter Amakusa-kun?"

"You know, there's something I'd like you to see."

Yukihira started to be fidget and blush suddenly.

"Eh......stop it. That's, such a...... in daytime."

"It's absolutely not what you are imagining!"

"Oh, that's a disappointment."

In an instant Yukihira's expression returned.

"Well, what do you want to show?"

"That......is definitely a one-shot gag."

Yukihira had a dubious expression. That's so, I'm also saying why am I doing a thing like this, I don't understand it.

"Look, I'm really always retorting it seems? Because it's dull then, can I occasionally play the boke?"

I somehow made up that reason.

"Indeed, the reason is this mornings disaster."

"......Please can you stop rubbing salt in the wound?"

"Understood. Then allow me to see the strongest gag in history."

......Why is this person arbitrarily raising the hurdle?

"Then, please Amakuza Kanade-san『Newly born statues of the two Heavenly Devas』"

"Is it even possible to do that!"

Ku. It's useless. I have to do it at my pace?

"L-lets go『While the fur seal was barking it awoke to geography.』"[25]

Pachi Pachi Pachi

Expressionlessly, Yukihira let out an imitation sound......I felt like I was being derided but had no choice but to do it. I had used all of first period to think the special material through. I laid face down on the ground and raised my upper body off it.

"Ouououou! Ouou……Ou! Ouu, Ouu Ou sanmyaku[26]!"

"..........."

The room was wrapped in an unbearable silence.

After a few seconds, that impression increased with the lifeless words Yukihira emitted.

"Amakusa-kun, do you think Tsukkomi should be done silently?"

Un......Even I think so.

"But Yukihira, giving a frank opinion becomes a reference for the future."

"That's pointless, I think you should die."

"As far as that?!!"

......This mission, I can't complete it.

After the second period.

"Yukihira, please look."

Without learning my lesson from Yukihira, I went to her desk.

I have a very strong willpower.

Yukihira looked slightly impressed. That's right, I have to stand up and handle this, because otherwise I'll have the Absolute Choices all my life.

"Well, what kind of mountain range material will you show this time?"

"No, with it bombing to that extent, I won't do something similar to that."

"What on earth happened? Amakusa Kanade thinking about other things than mountain ranges, it's unbelievable." "No, why are you treating me like I have a fetish for mountain ranges!"

"But Amakuza-kun, earlier you said『Haa......haa......oh crap, Yukihira. I can't be satisfied with just mountains anymore. If it's not mountains I'm not stimulated enough!』

"That's not a quote!"

It always ends like that. Though it fits my character to do the straight man role, I'm not used to this but today's a day to push my limits.[27]

Please laugh quickly, I need to end it!

"Really、『The newly born Nio statues』, let's try that."

"......Amakusa-kun, recklessness is different from courage."

"No, the suggestion was from you."

"Oh dear, personally volunteering to die, if that's the case, I don't have the right to forbid it."

Ku......however these 50 minutes, if I think the ideas through, it will go well. I believe in myself!

"Zugogogogogogo, zugogogogogo[28]. Alright, I'm the Nio. Just now I was born! zugogogogogo zugogogogogogo."

"..........."

The scene was again wrapped in an unbearable atmosphere.

......Why was I thinking this would go over.

"Amakusa-kun, as I thought, being silent is the best method to represent the Nio statues."

I thought I would be criticized but for Yukihira that was fairly mild.

"And, I think Amakusa-kun you should remain silent for the rest of your life."

"Ah......yes......what, I'm sorry."

......Mission not achieved.

After 3rd period PE ended.

"Haa......haa......Yukihira......haa......Look......at me."

I dashed back to class, dishelveled and disordered.

"Amakusa-kun, a serif is slipping out the hole, it will give the pervert girls a good thrill."

"That......unexpected meeting......after this......pervert motif you're doing."

"I see, Amakusa-kun's truely showing his calling. Unskillfully telling jokes, might be an amusing discovery."

I've prepared a patient mood for retorting to stuff. Now I need to concentrate on the joke material.

"Let's go『transform from a telephone call.[29] 』."

That must have went well......this is bound to go well!

"O, Oneechan, what colour panties right now? Eh? Embarrassed? It is okay, it's no big deal. Eh? A man wants to hear for himself. Gufufu......Thats no bread I think! Anyhow that's my transform!"[30]

"............"

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ -chan is normally used for women or small children of either sex.
2. ↑ Tsukkomi - The straightman in a comedy duo who reacts to the sillyness of the 'boke' partner.
3. ↑ He cuts himself off part way through saying penis, only getting out 'Chin' which means the same as the english word.
4. ↑ 8th grade syndrome, where 2nd year middle school kids think they have developed a superpower or are part of a secret society etc
5. ↑ Translate by Kouen no Ten for me. It might be a reference to a manga but the next line seems to mock it.
6. ↑ I might be missing a pun here where he mistake's a similar word, not sure.
7. ↑ I suggest people always convert 100 yen to $1 when reading stories for fast comprehension even if it varies a up to 20-30%
8. ↑ ~$10,000 US
9. ↑ There's alternative furigana joke that might mean "Pigs showtime" 『ピツグス.シヨータイム』(Pitsugusu.shiyoutoimu)
10. ↑ Deliberate mishearing.
11. ↑ Her name 'Utage' means party/feast/banquet so the title would be something like 'Strangle to Death Party'
12. ↑ 死ぬ気でやれ=Shinuki de yare, A samurai phrase commonly used in sports like boxing.
13. ↑ It's actually Magical Seinen, so 20-30 year olds. Play on Magical Girls
14. ↑ Actual phrase is お兄ちゃんだいちゅきメガネ, pretty sure I misunderstood partly

15. ↑ Reference the 2-chan meme of 30 year old male virgins becoming wizards
16. ↑ Japanese proverb [らいねんのことをいうとおにがわらう, rainen no koto o iu to oni ga warau] If you talk of next year, demons will laugh
17. ↑ Might be misunderstanding this: ものです、じゃねえよ! なんでちょっとうまい事言った、みたいにしようとしてんだ!
18. ↑ No clue if correct, 菊座一文字 is the original. Found one reference to it being a sex position with one partner sitting turned 90 degrees on the lap.
19. ↑ Can't figure out what word he's trying to say, starts with いひ.
20. ↑ Last sentence ended with Dazo, an impolite 'it is!', he's basically saying 'it it, not' which doesn't work as well in english
21. ↑ 十数個 I believe means 10-19, or lots, but 10-20 sounds better in english.
22. ↑ She starts to say Ohayou(good morning) but says instead Ohayogurt
23. ↑ Yeah, not sure on that one. Take it as this pun until TLC
24. ↑ Really not comfortable on translation of that line
25. ↑ ...yeah
26. ↑ Ou Sanmyaku is a mountain in japan
27. ↑ couldn't word this properly
28. ↑ Zugogogo is a menacing sound effect but he's doing it out loud
29. ↑ Hentai means pervert and transform
30. ↑ last half of the sentence is a mess/wrong

Interlude 2: A Certain Possibility's Story

Interlude 2: A Certain Possibility’s Story[edit]

My girlfriend’s a little strange.

Her hair’s slightly on the longish side, she’s pretty cute, she can make cookies, vegetables, meat stew and so on, your typical domestic-type girl. The weird part is that when she talks, she seems to emanate this masculine feeling...

“What kind of bullshit is that! Ah, nah...that’s not possible!”

That’s basically it. She gets into arguments with other people pretty easily, so when she starts badmouthing others her tone becomes particularly masculine.

Not just her speech, but even her actions, like for example once she nearly went into the males’ toilet by accident before I quickly pulled her back. She smiled and laughed it off as an old bad habit, but I still don’t get what she was trying to say.

I’m very sure that she’s a real woman. Because, um...I just know, alright?

Oh, right, right, she has a pretty weird mantra she mutters often:

“If I had said John Manjiro like I should have back then...”

Sometimes she even says it without realizing, but no matter how many times I ask her she refuses to reveal what it means.

Also, sometimes when she’s not paying attention, it’s like she’s in a complete world of her own, not in our world at all...

“What’s up?”

Her voice made me come to my senses. It appears I’m the one not paying attention this time. The way she looks at my face with concern...yep, she’s really a cutie.

“Nothing, it’s nothing. Let’s go.”

In order to dispel my uneasiness, I grabbed Kana-chan’s hand tightly and strode off.[1]

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ I’m translating from Chinese which says 小奏, which is the Chinese way of addressing someone’s name with -chan, so could anyone with the Japanese raws help me check whether it’s actually spelt that way? Oh, and remove this note when you’re done. Thanks.

Chapter 3: Yuuouji Ouka's New World

Chapter 3: Yuuouji Ouka’s New World[edit]

Part 1[edit]

“Snore~”

Chocolat of the Amakusa household was once again collapsed in a deep sleep.

“...Sigh, how should I deal with her this time.”

She slept with her mouth gaping wide open, leaving her completely defenseless.

I sighed and walked towards the edge of the bed.

“Hey...don’t do that!”

Just as I was about to reach an arm out to shake her awake, she cried out in a strange, yet somehow strangely arousing manner. Don’t tell me it’s going to be like that last time all over again...

“D-don’t do that, Natsuhiko-san!”

Natsuhiko? That’s one name I’ve never heard of, who could that be? Sounds as if he’s going to violate Chocolat or something...

“Natsuhiko-san, don’t assault Kanade-san while he’s unconscious, that’s too low!”

So it was me all along!

“Stop, it would be too predictable with Kanade-san as the uke, so of course it won’t be fun!” (TL note: Uke is a term used in yaoi to define the person at the ‘receiving end’...I don’t think i need to explain further.) Couldn’t she have a better reason to stop him?

“I see...since you’re prepared for that, I don’t have any reason to stop you.”

Stop him already!

“Ah, Kanade-san’s almost awake, just use that chloroform-stained handkerchief of yours to knock him out again.” (TL note: Chloroform is a chemical that induces unconsciousness.

Why the hell are you helping Natsuhiko!?

“You’re quite something, Natsuhiko-san, to begin your assault at a place like that. Ooh, Kanade-san’s hole -”

“Behave yourself already!”

I couldn’t take it any longer, so I slapped her until she awoke.

“Fumyu?”

Chocolat’s eyes were still half-open due to her fatigue, and she surveyed her surroundings nimbly.

“Huh, where’s Natsuhiko-san?”

“Who the hell is that!?”

“Nom nom.”

Chocolat immediately filled her mouth with the miso mackerel I had prepared on the breakfast table cheerfully.

“Wasn’t it great that we at least managed to complete Yukihira Furano-san’s mission?”

“Oh, right, yeah I guess.”

“How exactly did you make her laugh in the end? Isn’t she usually the type of person who never smiles?”

“That was obviously because...of my natural comedic abilities.”

I intentionally obscured the subject matter, merely telling her that I succeeded without mentioning all that business with the banana peel, otherwise I would be in for it since she would make fun of me for that for the rest of my days.

“Mm~ so Furano-san enjoys watching people fail at comedy?”

This fellow really has no manners.

“Right, Kanade-san.”

Chocolat asked while peeling a pickled cucumber.

“I didn’t get the chance to try all forty-eight tickling methods from last night.”

“Ugh...”

This reawakened memories of having breasts straddling my back as well as a horribly corroding fragrance assaulting my brain, not to mention all the side effects, so that method was definitely extremely dangerous.

“No more...no more tickling from now on.”

“Why not? I originally intended to try everything out tonight again, des.”

“If you do it again, I’ll only give you pinecones as a snack next time.”

“Y-your pinecone harassment is too much!”

What the heck is that...

“Hmm?”

My cellphone that I had put on the table earlier began ringing, but for some reason I had a bad feeling.

As expected, I received yet another order for a「Curse-Breaking Mission」. The second round really came pretty quick.

Who exactly is in charge of these things? With the previous god on maternity leave (?), the Flippant God had said earlier on the phone as well that he isn’t actually sure about this entire affair.

Anyway, there’s no point in thinking about such things for now. If I don’t first look at the details of the mission itself, I’ll never get anything done.

「Get a glance of what Yawakaze Konagi’s panties look like when being worn
Deadline May 11th (Saturday)」

...What? Wait, what? What exactly is this? No matter how many times I read the message, not a single letter of it changed.

Yawakaze Konagi...it is referring to THAT Yawakaze Konagi, right?

It was a name that anyone studying at Seikou High would have heard of, no matter whether they knew her in person or not.

Yawakaze Konagi is a second-year student currently ranked all the way up at number 3 of the Popular 5 rankings. Putting her naturally cute looks aside, her personality is apparently gentle as well, not to mention that she’s an airhead, which of course essentially makes her the walking personification of every man’s dreams.

She may not have as much personality as the other 4 on that list do, but her feminine cuteness itself is enough to garner popularity among the student population.

In fact, she was so popular that she actually has a group of students following her around like some sort of fan club all the time.

And I’m expected to sneak a peek at her panties...today is the 9th, a Thursday, which means the deadline is the day after tomorrow. Isn’t this a little too unreasonable?

“Kanade-san, is that a new mission?”

I nodded and told Chocolat the details.

“How exactly should I go about doing this?”

Hirano’s mission was hard enough, although making her laugh wasn’t exactly that much of a bad thing.

But for this mission, if a gust of wind would happen to just blow up her skirt with me in the line of sight it would be fine, but what the hell are the odds of that?

“Calm down, I’ll help you buy something called「Ten Secrets of Peeking at Women’s Panties」.”

“Wait a second, a book like that doesn’t exactly exist right?”

Also the book that guaranteed to have methods to make anyone laugh was completely useless.

“I even found a book called「Ten Tricks to Prevent Natsuhiko-san from Entering Your Rear Entrance」.”

“Cut it out already! Who is that anyway?”

“He’s a professional gay.”

“Professional?”

“Yes, he’s on a completely different level from a part-time gay like you.”

“Your assumption is completely wrong in the first place!”

“Huh, don’t tell me you’re a professional as well?”

“That’s nonsense, I’m perfectly normal!”

“I see, which means you’re a classic gay then.”

“OF COURSE NOT! I like girls!”

“Oh, so you stick it both ways.”

“To hell with all that sticking business!”

Part 2[edit]

“Sigh...”

My mood once again fell a few notches as I remembered my task, even though I was already emotionally devastated by being called a gay the first thing in the morning.

“Look at her panties? No matter how you think about it, it’s impossible...wait?”

In the midst of my mumbling, I noticed someone familiar near the entrance to our school dormitories. It was Yukihira.

Since I didn’t know how she would react after what happened on the roof yesterday, I greeted her with a tinge of nervousness.

“...Oh, good morning, Yukihira.”

Yukihira turned around, meeting my gaze, and after a brief silence -

“Good morning, you useless trash with only an attack power of five.”

She was her usual self.

“You sure are energetic first thing in the morning, huh.”

“Good morning, Dodoria-san.”

“Why are you suddenly imitating Frieza...” (TL note: Dodoria is an underling of Frieza in Dragon Ball.) “I’ll mention this as well, my bounty is fifty-three thousand Beris.” (TL note: Beris/belis/bellies are a currency used in the One Piece universe.) “I have a feeling we’re in the wrong manga.”

And that bounty would probably only be befitting of a group of mountain bandits.

“From your looks, you don’t seem to know how large of an amount fifty-three thousand Beris is.”

Of course not, who would know with you mixing together all those universes like that.

“With that much money you could buy an entire mountain of empty capsules.”

“Why would you want that much?”

“So we can fill them with water and use them to save Namu’s village.” (TL note: Namu is another character from Dragon Ball.) “You’ve been reading too much manga!”

Yep, it was definitely the usual Yukihira.

“Right, Amakusa-san, I apologize for showing you my embarrassing side yesterday.”

Yesterday...she must be talking about how I slipped on that banana peel and caused her to laugh. The very subject matter I was trying to avoid was brought up by her instead.

“Since young I’ve been prone to laughing extremely hard easily. Normally this doesn’t happen but once someone manages to tickle my funny bone - especially with an overused punchline - I just explode.”

Her tone was completely calmed, and she didn’t seem to be embarrassed in the slightest.

“I guess this is what they call contrast moe.” (TL note: Contrast moe - if that’s what you call it - is a trait where someone exhibits a personality trait completely opposite from his/her usual behavior and appearing moe in the process, for example where Yukihira’s contrast moe is her laughing which she doesn’t usually do.) She even personally explained the entire thing, putting whether it was moe or not aside, her current actions were completely different from her usual self -

Wait, contrast?

This term gave me a strange feeling. What was it? It felt like something was creeping about in the dark corners of my mind.

That was probably related to Yukihira using her traditional memory-erasing methods on me when I was still emotionally scarred from stumbling upon those X-rated boy-on-boy scenes. Leaving that aside for now, I seem to have witnessed something with an immense contrast...

“Ah, I remember a little of it now. Yukihira, weren’t you kneeling down on the roof back then?”

“!”

Yukihira’s eyes suddenly shot wide open.

“Right, right, you seemed to have said something weird - eh?”

“...That’s strange, Yukihira?”

When I opened my eyes I saw Yukihira’s head appearing diagonally upwards within my field of vision. Why am I on the floor with my back against the wall? What happened? I felt the back of my head in an attempt to remember the events of the past few moments.

“Ouch!”

I felt a massive bump, what the hell had happened earlier? I stood up while massaging that sore, all the while attempting to regroup my thoughts.

I remembered that Chocolat called my a gay which made me briefly emotionally devastated, after which i went to school where I met Yukihira at the entrance to our school dormitories...what happened after that?

Suddenly Yukihira’s voice cut through my thoughts, and what she said was:

“Good morning, you useless trash with only an attack power of five.”

“You’ve been reading too much manga!”

Our conversation ended just after she mentioned something about Namu and punchlines, but just as I was about to ask her what happened -

“It’s too dangerous for me to say any more...I’ll be on my way first, Amakusa-san.”

As she left behind this mysterious last line, she turned around and rushed upstairs.

“Ah, wait!”

She suddenly stopped in her tracks and turned around.

“Oh right, if you could just stay away from me for this period of time, I’ll be very happy.”

“What? Why?”

“Because you might spray out some weird stuff to make me pregnant.”

“Do you take me as some sort of wild beast!?”

Having spoken her mind, Yukihira disappeared from my sight at the end of the stairway.

Well, I knew that Yukihira has always been an oddball from the very start, but she seemed to be especially weird earlier.

Judging from the situation alone, it seemed that Yukihira had erased my memories once again...unless she said something that she didn’t want me to remember?

“?”

I felt a presence behind me, so I turned around.

It was a girl.

She walked straight towards me, as if she was thinking about something so hard that she was in her own world, not noticing me at all.

It would have probably been fine if I had just dodged a little to the side, but in the very instant that I saw her face and recognized who she was, my brain froze.

With my frozen body, and her state of aloofness, it was a foregone conclusion that we would crash into each other.

With a loud thump, she walked straight into my chest.

“Ouch, ouch...huh? What?”

She finally noticed my presence.

“Ah, I-I-I-I-I-I’m sorry!”

The color of her face instantly turned into a virulent shade of red, and she began retreating in rather exaggerated steps.

“Huh? Aahhhhh!”

She then managed to magically lose her balance on the flat surface of the corridor.

“Woah, be careful!”

She began wobbling from side-to-side.

“Waaaaaah!”

At long last, she collapsed onto the ground.

“Ugh...ouch.”

She actually managed to fall in such a position where her body was on the ground and her butt was pointing up to the air. It was the first time I saw such a manga-like scenario happen in real life.

“You are...Yawakaze Konagi, right?”

Undoubtedly, she was the very Yawakaze Konagi who was ranked third among Seiko Academy’s Popular Five.

Which means she is the person whose panties I absolutely must peek at.

“Um, do I...do I have something on my face?”

Crap, I stared too long.

“Ah, it’s nothing, I was just going to ask you a question. Are you hurt?”

“Oh, no, it’s fine.”

Yawakaze stood up and straightened out her skirt. Her voice was sweet, without any modulations or accents, making it extremely calming to hear.

“I’m sorry for bumping into you. I was thinking about what I want to eat later, so I forgot to pay attention to my surroundings...haha.”

She smiled shyly.

Her body seemed to emanate a gentle aura like a calm breeze, and her smile seemed as if it could calm any heart.

Yawakaze Konagi really lives up to her name. (TL note: This is referring to the Kanji of her name, 柔風小凪. The first two characters, 柔風, mean ‘gentle breeze’, while the last two characters, 小凪 mean ‘calming’.) “I’m fine, but are you really alright? That fall seemed pretty heavy.”

“Don’t worry, I’m fine, I’m used to this - ah!”

Halfway through her sentence, a loud rumbling came from Yawakaze’s stomach.

Although that sound was rather cute, there was no doubt that it was her stomach growling.

“Ah, this, um...it-it’s nothing, it’s just that I kinda overslept, so I came to school without eating breakfast, so...ah, n-no! That wasn’t my stomach!”

I was going to pretend that I hadn’t heard anything, but since she said it herself, I guess it can’t be helped. Her face was completely red, and she swung her arms about flusteredly.

W...what kind of moe creature is this? (TL note: Moe is the typical otaku term for something that is cute.) I see, so this is the true power of the Popular Five. I realized something else during this first encounter with Yawakaze.

Yes, it was that a cute girl with a normal personality like her could be this cute.

Judging by appearances alone, Yuuouji, Yukihira and Yawakaze are all extreme beauties with hardly any slivers of differences between them, hence any attempt to judge the three would be up to personal preference alone.

Personality-wise, however, is a different story.

Anything that comes out of Yukihira’s mouth is either insults or lame jokes, while Yuuouji is in essence nothing but an immature grade-schooler.

Compared to those two weirdos, Yawakaze Konagi would seem to be an unbelievably pure young girl, even more so that she actually is.

“Oh, what am I still thinking about.”

This isn’t the time to be comparing. I still had the dilemma of peeking at Yawakaze’s panties within the next three days to think about.

“Um, are you Amakusa Kanade-san?”

Having snapped out of her previous embarrassed state, she asked me an unexpected question.

“Huh, yeah, that’s me.”

Considering how famous (for the wrong reasons) I am, there was no surprise that she would know my name and reputation. However, her tone seemed to be implying other things.

“I see. Ouka mentions you a lot.”

“Ouka? Right, you mean Yuuouji. You know her?”

“I don’t just know her, we’re pretty good friends too. We were classmates in first grade.”

Yawakaze smiled.

“Hmm?”

A strange feeling suddenly came over me. Although this should be the first time I’m getting in close contact with Yawakaze, her smile seemed somewhat familiar.

Do I know anyone like her?If I knew someone with such a dazzling smile, I definitely would not have forgotten that person...nope, I can’t think of anyone.

Forget it, these questions aren’t important, I should be concentrating on the mission at hand.

The fact that Yuuouji and Ouka are friends with each other would be a hugely beneficial piece of information for my mission.

Having a mutual friend would definitely help out in conversations or small talk. This might be the first time that Yuuouji left a positive impact on my life. First the coincidental meeting, then this unexpected discovery should give me a rather large head start. It may be impossible to just talk her into showing me her panties, but I guess it still helps in a way.

Sadly -

“W...what?”

My personal Grim Reaper, the Absolute Choices, bared its fangs and blew out the flickering candle of hope that had just been lit within my heart.

As I read the choices over again and again, the only thought I was able to muster was, **** you, you **** God.

“Amakusa-san, is something wrong?”

Yawakaze looked at me and asked. Her large and beady eyes were incredibly cute. They were seriously, dangerously cute.

I looked into those eyes and said blatantly to her:

“Cut the crap, could you let me see your panties?”

Part 3[edit]

“Ouch...dammit.”

My body was still aching even though it was approaching noon.

I could only collapse on my desk and recall the events from earlier.

After I said that line to Yawakaze, a large and burly hand immediately grabbed onto my shoulder.

I didn’t know that person, but the color of his tie told me that he was a third-year. While I was still trying to figure out who he was, that hand was already mercilessly dragging me away from the scene.

In the midst of my confusion, I noticed that i was being dragged into some sort of narrow and dark place. What waited for me there was a group of male students, all emanating an immense murderous intent.

I probably don’t need to elaborate about what happened next.

I’m guessing that was the fabled Yawakaze Guard.

I had previously heard that Yawakaze had a personal troop of followers that operated by a special code of actions, namely that they would watch over each other and prevent any one of them from confessing to her. I figured that it wasn’t like she was some sort of celebrity anyway, so they probably didn’t exist. Sadly, they did.

However, this troupe of hers is independently formed by the students themselves, so they didn’t hold any actual administrative powers within the school.

Normally speaking, they wouldn’t prevent a non-member like me from talking to Yawakaze...unless I perform some major act of sexual harassment.

「Choose: ① “Cut the crap, could you let me see your panties?”

② Take off your underwear on the spot and ask to exchange it with hers (just like footballers do).」

I’m not the kind of “hero” who would pick the latter option. Essentially speaking, Absolute Choices are usually made up of a horrible choice, and another even more horrible choice.

I’m honestly sorry for having to say something like that to her. If someone you didn’t know came up to you and asked to see your underwear, I bet you would feel uncomfortable as well.

“Amacchi, Amacchi.”

Something poked my shoulder from behind, interrupting my train of thought.

“Oh, it’s Yuuouji. I’m thinking about something, so leave me alone for a while.”

I had no time to fool around with her, what’s important now is to figure out how to apologize to Yawakaze about the panties, then ask her once again, more formally this time, to show them to me...I’m contradicting myself.

“What are you underwear-ing about?”

“W-what do you mean?”

Yuuouji's question shocked me so much that I went into a falsetto.

"In class earlier, weren't you muttering 'underwear' throughout the lesson?"

...Shit, I let out my thoughts without thinking.

"It's nothing, but since you were going on and on about it I just wanted to know whether you have any underwear-related troubles."

Man, I just had to attract the most annoying one of all.

"It's nothing...nothing to do with you."

"Haha, there's no need to be embarrassed. Just let me, the walking Underwear Dictionary share your burden with you."

You should be the one embarrassed for having a nickname like that.

Isn't the embarrassed at all despite spouting the word 'underwear' at all so many times?

It might be by the same logic as how grade-schoolers would snicker while repeating meaningless words like 'poop' or 'pee-pee', but this young lady over here is in her second year of high school already...forget it, that's Yuuouji for you.

"Hmm, I bet Amacchi just wants to look at panties, right??"

"Pfft! I-I never said that!"

I spat loudly, having had my mind seemingly read by her.

"Sigh, you let out everything earlier anyway. I was just pretending that I only heard a little in order to mess with you."

What...did you say? You're telling me that I forgot someone like you was sitting behind me, but also said everything about Yawakaze without realizing...my subconscious is horrifying.

Since the cat's out of the bag already anyway, the only thing I can do now is to prevent Yuuouji from letting it loose.

"Yuuouji, please don't say anything about this to her."

Asking to see her panties to her face was bad enough, but if she knew that I was muttering about all that even in class our relationship would definitely deteriorate to the point of no return.

“Right, I get it, I won’t tell her. Anyway, Amacchi, why would you want to see her panties anyway?”

“That’s what I want to know myself. I’d never met Yawakaze before until today -”

“...Oh~?”

Yuuouji’s lips twisted in a sneer.

“I see~ so Amacchi wants to look at ‘’that’’ Yawakaze Konagi’s panties, huh.”

Huh? Didn’t she say that she had heard everything earlier, so why would she react in this manner...unless!

“Huh, how strange~ I never even asked whose panties it was, but this man over here revealed it himself. How interesting~”

Crap...I fell for it,hook, line and sinker.

Her tricking me was bad enough, but the fact that she had to imitate that little prick Odagawa Conan’s voice while doing enough pisses me off even more. (TL note: This is referring to the titular character of the manga series Detective Conan.) “Since the truth’s out, how about you be honest with me now?”

“No, I don’t want to say anything to someone like you.”

“Hmm, you’re not in the position to be saying things like that, aren’t you? Konacchi’s my good friend, so it would be easy for me to destroy her impression of you, you know?”

Ugh...in an instant, the fact that the two girls knew each other turned from an advantage to a disadvantage.

“Come on, it’s better to suffer now than later, so out with it already.”

It’s practically impossible to dissuade Yuuouji from doing something when her curiosity is aroused. Since things have went this far, it would be better to tell her the truth then find a way to make her shut up rather than lie about it. Of course, I have to gloss over the important parts about the mission and all.

In order to avoid any misunderstandings, I spoke in a solemn manner:

“Yuuouji, due to some unwanted and unchangeable circumstances, I must peek at Yawakaze’s panties before Sunday,”

“Hoho, to think that you could say something like this with a straight face. Good on you, Amacchi.”

Who was the one that wanted me to do it in the first place?

“Trust me, my reasons are completely legitimate.”

I don’t want anyone to think that I’m some sort of pervert who just wants to think of panties, even if that person is Yuuouji,.

“Mm, so you want to see Konacchi’s panties, but you’re not doing this for your own lecherous needs?”

I nodded. “Looking at Yawakaze’s panties” is but a stepping stone on my quest to rid myself of Absolute Choices and nothing else.

“I see~ which means you, dear sir, wish to look at panties for no conscious reason. That’s deep...in fact it’s so deep that it’s practically philosophical territory now.”

Are you trying to get all those long-gone philosophers to rise up from the grave to come after you with all that nonsense you’re spouting?

“Think for a second, weren’t there some pioneers of Underwear-ism within the ranks of those ancient thinkers?”

“Apologize to Aristotle immediately!”

“Not to mention that many commonplace idioms and proverbs these days have their roots in underwear as well.”

Under Yuuouji’s influence, the conversation was being steered towards rather undesirable areas.

“Um, I can’t think of any.”

“For example, all roads lead to underwear.”

“Nonsense! Unless you’re telling me the capital of Italy has been a pair of underwear all this time!”

“Also,「Boys, be underwear!」...no, it’s「wear underwear」.” (TL note: This is a parody of William S. Clarke’s famous quote: Boys, be ambitious!) “I’m pretty sure that’s not the only mistake!”

“Et underwear, Brutus!” (TL note: This is a parody of Julius Caesar’s alleged last words as he was stabbed to death while exiting the Senate. Upon seeing that his adopted son and confidante Brutus was one of his assailants, he cried out “Toi aussi, Brutus!”, meaning “You too, Brutus!”)**(!))** “Leave Brutus alone!”

“I am a cat, and I have yet no underwear.” (TL note: This is a parody of the opening line of Natsume Souseki’s famous novel, I am a Cat, which reads ‘I am a cat, and I have yet no name.’) “Cats don’t need underwear!”

“Because you said ‘Hey, this tastes great!’, henceforth July the sixth shall be our Underwear Anniversary.” (TL note: This is a parody of a line from a famous poem by Tawara Machi, Salad Anniversary, which reads ‘Because you said “Hey, this tastes great!”, henceforth July the sixth shall be our Salad Anniversary.’) “What kind of occasion is that!”

“Heaven does not create underwear above or below another underwear.” (TL note: This is a parody of a famous quote from Japanese philosopher Fukuzawa Yuichi, “It is said that heaven does not create one man above or below another man.”) “What are you trying to say!”

“Because I have the ability to look at myself objectively, unlike your underwear!” (TL note: This is a parody of former Japanese Prime Minister, Yasuo Fukuda’s rebuttal towards a reporter: “Because I have the ability to look at myself objectively, unlike you.”) “Of course you can’t!”

Wait...shit, I got distracted again.

“But, why would you want to see Konacchi’s panties? Do you like her or something?”

That’s what I want to ask as well.

“Nope, this has nothing to do with emotions.”

To be honest, I did feel that Yawakaze is extremely cute after our encounter, so if you were to ask me whether I like her I guess I can only agree.

However, it was a different kind of “Like” than what Yuuouji specified, instead it’s more of a liking in the sense of how someone would like a television celebrity.

“So Amacchi’s saying that you don’t care about whether you like her or not, you just want to see a girl’s panties?”

“Uh...I guess.”

“So even if it’s a girl you don’t like, you would pull off her panties and sniff them deeply?”

“I never said that...”

“So you want to grab a girl’s panties, sniff them then breathesmoochsavorlicksmelassfdgg...”

“Stop speaking alien!”

Just as I raised my voice, I heard someone else’s voice coming from behind me.

“Um...I’m sorry for interrupting your pleasant conversation...”

As I turned around, I found our class monitor staring back at me. For the record, I’m not feeling pleasant at all, and neither was our conversation.

Never mind that for now. Our monitor who would usually have a bright smile plastered on her face now looked at me in a somewhat fearful yet condescending fashion, I wonder why is that so?

Don’t tell me she overheard our conversation from earlier and she thinks that I’m actually a person who would do things like that...probably so.

“Amakusa-san, someone’s looking for you.”

I followed our monitor’s gaze.

“Looking for me? Now who - huh?”

Standing in the corridor was Yawakaze Konagi.

“Hey, isn’t that Yawakaze?” “Oh my goodness, she’s really damn pretty.” “Why would she be looking for Amakusa...”

My classmates had noticed her presence as well, and they began murmuring to each other.

“Ah, pantsu Konacchi is here!”

“Stop your nonsense!”

“Ah, Konacchi’s coming over with those panties that Amacchi wants to see!”

“That’s even worse!”

Mustering all the energy I could to prevent Yuuouji from following me, I rushed out the door and slammed it shut behind me.

“Yawakaze, why are you looking for me all of a sudden?”

I originally figured that she would be hear to complain about what happened this morning, but it didn’t seem like she was, and besides it’s not like she’s that kind of a person.

Just as I was about to ask again, she replied.

“Um, is this yours?”

In the palm of her outstretched hand was a blue checkered handkerchief.

“Huh? Oh, it’s mine. I didn’t even notice I dropped it.”

It probably fell out while I was being dragged off earlier. Now why would she personally deliver that to someone like me who gave her such a horrible first impression?

“Really? That’s great.”

Also, she doesn’t seem to be harboring any malicious intent. To think that she can still smile so innocently, is she some sort of angel descended from the heavens?

“I apologize for the inconvenience, and thank you as well.”

“Oh, um, it’s nothing, actually...”

Even after passing the handkerchief to me, Yawakaze didn’t seem to have any intention of leaving yet. As she saw my confused expression, she looked down in embarrassment, then said awkwardly: “Actually...about this morning...”

There was no need to go on further since she could only be referring to the panties incident. I was contemplating how to deal with this situation, but she did it for me anyway.

“How should I put this...I’m really sorry.”

“Ah, it’s alright, I’m not here to ask for an apology. Um, to be honest I’ve never had a guy ask me anything like that before, so I was kinda at a loss for words.”

Understandable.

“So...I’m sorry. I’m embarrassed for having to say this too but...I think that stuff like panties should only be shown to the people you like.”

“Gah!”

I nearly coughed up blood. I’m not joking, isn’t this against the law or something? Where has she been living all her life to be incapable of even holding suspicion against others? Has she only been associating with saints and angels all this time? You’re telling me she hasn’t even seen the dark side of society even after living for over a decade?

I finally understood how her fan club must feel. No one should have her to themselves, for she belongs to everyone!

Suddenly, an overwhelming sense of guilt overcame me. What did I tell this girl? Let me see your panties? ...I should die.

“I’m really sorry!”

It was then that I realized that a motion like kneeling down and kowtowing isn’t a conscious motion, but rather a reflex of the body.

“Ah, Amakusa-san, please don’t...”

Despite Yawakaze’s pleading, my forehead never left the floor.

Right there, I swore to myself - screw all those Absolute Choices and whatnot, I’m done, go eat a pile of shit. God? To hell with him, I won’t be pushed around by anyone else any longer, if you’re not happy with that -

「Choose: ① “So when will you let me see your panties?”

② To hell with it all, just become her panties and get over with it.」

...And they just had to arrive now. Why would you do something like that? And I had mustered up all my courage for that too, what exactly is your problem with me? Are you an idiot? Do you wanna die?

...Fine, I get it, talking won't do me any good.

As usual, option number 1 is terrible, but number 2 seems kinda creepy this time round. If it means what I think it does, I might not even be able to stay human.

If this was a computer game, I would probably have picked that option for a laugh, but there are no save nor load states in real life.

In the end, I could only pick ①.

Normally I would just pick it already and then go home to cry myself to sleep, but this was a different case. I absolutely could not allow those words to taint this pure young maiden - Yawakaze Konagi's ears.

"Ugh..."

My head began throbbing in bursts of violent pain, as if the Choices themselves were forcing me to make a decision.

But right now, all I want to do is defeat this goddamn curse!

"AAAAAAHHHHH!"

I contorted my face violently in my efforts to resist the pain, but to no avail.

"Amakusa-san, are you alright?"

"No, I'm perfectly fine-AAAARRRGHGHHHHHH!"

The extreme pain caused me to cry out. This is bad, this is bad, this is really bad! This feels worse than any pain I've felt! If this goes on I'll really die!

Yawakaze...please forgive me!

"Argh...hah...hah...so, when, will you...let me...see your panties?"

As I finished my sentence, the tendrils of pain coiling around my head immediately disappeared.

"Huh? Eh? Ppanties? Didn't I just say that you should only be showing those things to the people you like!?"

Yawakaze is cute even when she's flustered. She's so damn cute.

Just as I was about to lose myself in her cuteness, a hand fell upon my shoulder.

"Who's - oh."

I turned around to face the large guy from earlier.

"Please follow me for a while."

Part 4[edit]

"Ow...dammit."

What waited for me at our destination was once again nothing but a torrent of violent insults and equally violent beatings.

"What are you trying to do to Yawakaze-san!" "To think someone from the Reject Five like you would want to talk to Kona-chan, wait a hundred more years instead!" "You dare say something like that to our dear Yawakaze-chan? Just die already!" "Oh? This guy's butt actually looks pretty good."

...I hope I misheard that last one.

Back to the topic, this defence is a little too exaggerated. Having guards patrolling around her during every single break is pretty much borderline stalking, right?

At long last, I managed to drag my aching body back to my classroom.

"Hoho~ I see that you've been taught a good lesson."

Yuuouji sneered at me from her seat right behind mine.

"Amacchi, do you need my help?"

"With?"

"You know, with Kona-chan's panties."

What the hell is she talking about now?

"Why?"

"Because it's fun."

She replied without an ounce of thought.

“Because it’s fun? Why, you...”

“Hmm? Is there something wrong? Would you like me to do boring things instead?”

Yuuouji replied defiantly, causing me to be momentarily at a loss for words. Using adjectives like fun and boring as objective standards for actions are clearly childish actions, contrary to her age.

As humans grow older, the burdens they have to carry increases, not to mention the behavior expected of them varies as well, thus the things they can do slowly decrease.

Sure, behavior expected of a high-schooler may not be comparable to that of, say, a social worker, but we still have such restrictions...sadly for Yuuouji, that doesn’t seem to be the case. How tragic.

“Let’s look at this from your position, are you sure you should be doing something like that? I’m trying to peek at your friend’s panties, you know?”

“Amacchi, your words don’t seem to match your actions.”

“Huh?”

Yuuouji didn’t give me a direct answer.

“Don’t you always say something weird or do weird things? I have a feeling that doesn’t seem to be the real you.”

My body tensed up unconsciously.

“But, it doesn’t seem like you’re acting or you have some sort of schizophrenic disorder, instead it feels like you’re being forced into doing these things, which is why that sense of reluctance is there. Are you hiding a secret?”

Yuuouji giggled as she finished her sentence.

I was speechless. She may not have guessed the existence of the Absolute Choices, but she was close enough.

“So, because you’re so interesting, let me observe you for a little longer!”

She suddenly darted forward until her forehead was mere centimeters from mine.

“Hey, what are you...!”

I hurriedly backed away.

Although Yuuouji is incredibly childish and immature, there’s no dispute that she’s unbelievably beautiful for her age.

Being a perfectly healthy and fit teenage male, there’s no way to resist such charm especially when it’s directly in front of me.

“Huh?”

Conversely, Yuuouji didn’t seem to notice anything, She...is she really sixteen?

No; even though she was somewhat short, her over-developed chest and the small snatch of waist revealed underneath her vest both indicated that she was way above the standard of that of a normal sixteen-year-old. It’s just that her brain’s somewhat undeveloped.

“Can’t you just...never mind, forget what I said.”

“Huh?”

Attempting to explain to her the attraction between people of the opposite sex would be like attempting to get a monkey to write Shakespeare. Her condition was so bad that sometimes I wonder whether she should just continue bathing with her parents or something.

“Heh. Amacchi, no matter how much you may hate it, you can’t escape me.”

Yuuouji seemed to have misunderstood my retreat. Despite the difference in character and gender, she still reminded me of a stereotypical harem male lead.

Every single time I see characters like those acting completely oblivious to various advances from all sorts of girls, I feel like killing someone.

Anyway, that’s just my pet peeve, back to the topic...Yuuouji made me realize that people like that might actually exist in the real world.

After seeing her manage to sniff out my predicaments so easily earlier, it’s genuinely hard to believe that she can have such a disparity between her intelligence and personality.

“Having went through this past month, I feel like I pretty much understand Amacchi now. I can tell that you weren’t lying earlier when you said you aren’t doing this for lecherous means.”

Yuuouji changed the subject in an instant, her tone dripping with confidence.

“I know that I shouldn’t be doing this, but do you really believe something as suspicious as that?”

“Is there anything strange about that? When two people have known each other for long enough, isn’t it only reasonable that they can read each other’s thoughts through gazes and gestures alone?”

The indignant and yet self-indulgent, honest tone that she spoke in made me question her state of mind yet again.

“Honestly, Konacchi has a very low immunity towards guys, so if we don’t hurry up to think of a way to peek at her panties, this might turn out poorly in future.”

Putting her panties aside, at least we saw eye-to-eye.

There aren’t exactly any students with actual disciplinary issues over here in Seiko High, and taking Yawakaze’s fan club into consideration as well, she shouldn’t be in any actual danger; but when she moves on to university in the big city, she might bump into some hooligans who would do weird things to her.

Well, if I were one of those hooligans I would definitely want to do weird things to her. Let me specify once again, only “If I were one of those hooligans”.

Speaking of which, Yuuouji’s brains only really shine when she’s thinking of helping others. Even if the subject matter is panties.

However, when the three of us including Yukihira are together, she seems to be able to understand all the dirty punchlines she makes, so it’s not that she doesn’t know about those things, it’s just that she fails to make the connection between those things to herself.

“Hmm, things are starting to get interesting.”

Yuuouji appeared as excited as a young child.

“Ah...”

As I saw her expression, I instantly realized why I felt a sense of familiarity from my very first conversation with Yawakaze.

It was because of Yuuouji.

Don’t misunderstand me, Yawakaze and Yuuouji are extremely different, in fact you could even call them polar opposites, but I’m not referring to anything material like appearances or actions. How should I put it, I’m referring to the essence of their beings.

Both of them could express their own true feelings without any modifications nor alterations. The closest adjective I can use to describe people like them is, well, pure.

This essence of theirs could be briefly glimpsed through every single action and movement of theirs. That was why these two people could give me the same impression despite being so different otherwise.

However, no matter how similar their qualities were, the nature of these qualities were extremely different, with Yawakaze being traditionally pure, in a sense.

“Hehe, Konacchi, just you wait and see how I’ll show your panties to the world.”

As I looked at Yuuouji who was sneering while contemplating how to get a guy to peek at her best friend’s panties, a strange phrase, ‘Impure purity’ surfaced in my mind.

Part 5[edit]

“...Sigh.”

I halted my footsteps right outside my own house, It seems that I’ve been sighing quite a lot these few days.

I was planning to apologize to Yawakaze after school, but sadly I was deterred by her bodyguards. It seems that they’ve placed their full attention on me after those two incidents.

Yuuouji said that she would think of a plan by tonight, but to be honest I wasn’t looking forward to it at all, considering the lack of resources I had at hand.

As for what kind of resources would come in handy for peeking at panties, please don’t ask.

“Oh, Kanade-san, welcome home.”

I pushed open the door to my house weakly only to see Chocolat skip merrily towards me.

“Hmm? Why do you seem so down today?”

“Let’s just say the circumstances of my mission have become rather messed up.”

Chocolat suddenly sneered as she heard this,

“Hehe~ let me tell you something, I managed to get something extremely useful for you today.”

She handed me a book. She couldn’t be referring to that「Ten Secrets of Peeking at Women’s Panties」...right?

「Ten Surefire Methods to Acquire Women’s Panties~ You Too Can Be the Next King of Perverts!~」

“This is even worse!”

T-the title says acquire, you heard me? Acquire! Also, the subtitle’s just being an asshole.

Even someone without a brain would be able to tell that the contents would be just as bad as last time’s...

“It took me a really long time to find this!”

However when faced with Chocolat’s bushy, waggling tail as well as her expression that seemed to be saying “Please praise me!”, I just couldn’t bring myself to reject her.

“Fine, I’ll take a look or two.”

“Here you go!”

Followed by Chocolat whose eyes were glittering in excitement, I walked over to the couch in the living room and flipped the book open.

This incredibly thick book somehow had a content summary page, so I started there.

「① Steal.」

Why are they using such drastic measures right off the bat!?

「Explanation: This should only be used as a last resort.」

Then don’t put it at the front of the book! And don’t encourage illegal activities!

「② Tears.」

What’s this supposed to mean, do I have to cry while begging the other party to give me her panties or something...? Nah, too strange...probably not.

「Explanation: An example would go something like “Sob...cry...p-please, just give me...your panties...already...huh? You don’t want to? ...Sob...don’t! Don’t...stop delaying it already...g-give them to me...sob...give...me...”」

Don’t you know what the word “Dignity” means!?

「Footnote: Your passionate tears will definitely touch her heart.」

That won’t happen even if the sun rises in the west!

「③ Use “I left my underwear at home, so could you lend me yours?” as an excuse.」

Why is the tone this casual!?

「Explanation: Try and smile the brightest smile you can while trying this, as it’ll probably increase your chances of success.」

That’ll just make it seem even more disgusting!

「Footnote: You can always pray that she’s wearing white panties and that she would say something like “Oh, what a coincidence. Now I just have to lend them to you!”」

What normal, sane girl would do that!?

「④ Syllogism.」

Syllogism? I think I heard about that somewhere before.

I remember it was some logical argument that relied on making a conclusion from two other established and co-related facts, something along the lines of “Humans are mortal” -> “I am a human” -> “Therefore I am mortal”.

「Explanation: Something like “All males like women’s panties.” -> “I’m a male, and you’re a woman.” -> “Therefore you must give me your panties.”」

That’s the worst logic I’ve ever heard!

「⑤ Use the Three-Step Process of acquiring panties.」

Three-Step Process? That seems new,

「Explanation: Pull up her skirt -> Rip off her panties -> Profit.」

That’s just a description of a crime!

「Footnote: I suddenly thought up a concept of a goblin that steals panties, so I wrote it out here.」

Keep those things to yourself!

「⑥ Go to those kind of shops to buy them.」

Slow down a little, this may be the fastest method, but it doesn’t seem right...

「Explanation: Money may not be able to buy happiness, but it can buy used panties.」

That sentence seems deeper than it should be...

「Footnote: But used panties can bring some people happiness...what exactly is happiness?」

Don’t ask me!

「⑦ Raise your fists in the air and shot “I want a girl’s panties!”」

This was...what Oolong did, right? (TL note: This is a reference to a supporting character in Dragon Ball, Oolong, whose first wish to Shenrong was a pair of female panties.)「Explanation: This will only end in tragedy if Shenrong’s not around.」

Which basically means it'll always end in tragedy!

「⑧ It's just a pair of panties, there's nothing to be ashamed of!」

I bet you just wanted to write this for the hell of it!

「Explanation: Sorry, i just put this one in for fun.」

I knew it!

「⑨ Join Underwear-ism.」

Now what the hell is that...

「Explanation: When attending any one of their meetings, members are only permitted to wear a single piece of underwear.」

If this thing really exists it must be some sort of paradise for males.

「Footnote: Only males are allowed to join.」

Ugh!

「⑩ Steal.」

Now we're back to square one!?

「Explanation: I...uh, really can't think of a tenth one.」

Then don't write the book in the first place!

「Footnote: Never mind, since you've read this far, I'm sure you'll be able to think of even more ways to acquire women's panties.」

Bullshit, you just couldn't think of another way!

「Good luck!」

Shut up!

"Bullshit...this is complete bullshit."

I had already mentally prepared myself for the worst, but I didn't expect it to be this bad.

"Hmm, was it that bad? The insider reports on Underwear-ism were pretty interesting."

"Bleh...I bet you just like it because you're a fujoshi." (TL note: Fujoshi refers to a female that likes yaoi, commonly referred to as boy's love: BL.) "Also, this book actually has ninety percent of it covering that topic."

"Which basically means the title is complete crap!"

Needless to say, this must be UOG's fault. It may not have been directly penned by Yuuouji, but anyone seeing this would definitely have their impressions of her take a huge hit.

"Kanade-san, here."

Chocolat suddenly stretched her head towards me...does she want me to pet it?

"Hehe."

I'll do just that then. Chocolat's tail shot up straight while her head was being stroked, and she began smiling from ear to ear.

Alright, since she bought this book for my sake anyway, if this makes her happy I won't be stingy about it. To be honest, she's still pretty cute this way.

Don't get me wrong, I'm referring to the kind of cute as in how a master would call his pet cute -

"What are you doing this time?"

Chocolat suddenly put her hands on her hips and puffed up her chest.

"Here, praise me more."

Didn't I just pet you?

"What's that, you don't need to be shy, OK? Here, use all the praises you know and shower me with them...ah, unless you're dwarfed by the sheer extent of my greatness? Hmm, then use material things to reward me instead. Right, tonight I intend on eating Wagyu beef -" (TL note: Wagyu beef is a type of premier Japanese beef.) "Oi, don't go too far."

I flicked her forehead lightly.

"Ow! K-Kanade-san's bullying me..."

Her tail sagged flatly. How does that thing even work?

“Ah, Kanade-san, earlier you said that you bumped into some difficulties. So you met Yawakaze-san already?”

Chocolat transitioned from being at the verge of tears to smiling once again in a mere ten seconds, once again displaying her ability to undergo extreme mood swings.

“You could say that...”

In order to change the subject from all that praising, I told Chocolat about everything that had happened.

“I see. To think that they actually took notice of Kanade-san’s butt, there must be some really strong ones over in her fan club.”

Although she did end up placing her attention on what was arguably the most unimportant detail of the whole story, that once again piqued my curiosity on the guy’s sexuality.

“Speaking of which, Yawakaze’s just too innocent, so I kinda feel bad for having to drag her into things like this.”

“Hmm, I see. Fine, in order to minimize your potential guilt, I’ll rehearse with you for a while.”

“Wait, why?”

I didn’t know what to think of that proposition.

“There aren’t that many people around that are more innocent than me. Here, I’ll chat with you, anything to make you happy!: I get it, this little puppy doesn’t have any shred of self-awareness. I’ll just use this opportunity to point that out.

“Chocolat, I’m going to tell you something very important - innocence may be similar to airheaded-ness at first glance, but they’re actually very far apart.”

“Hmm? So that Yawakaze-san’s an airhead?”

“I’m referring to you!”

“H-huh?”

“Don’t you ‘Huh?’ me!”

“Oh, I get it. So your eyes are just useless holes.”

“Your BRAIN is a useless hole!”

Part 5[edit]

The next day, the first thing that Yuuouji said as she stepped into class was:

“Aye, Commander of the Conquest for Yawakaze’s Panties, Amacchi, good morning!”

“Too loud, too long and too confusing!”

I wouldn’t really have minded if any of my classmates had heard that, but if anyone within the Yawakaze fan club were to hear that I shudder to think of my potential fate. Yuuouji dragged me over to her seat and asked: “Amacchi, have you figured out a good way to get a glimpse of Konacchi’s panties?”

I shook my head. I got a feeling that the main problem we were dealing with wasn’t the methods available.

Although technically I could forcefully pull up her skirt to expose her panties, I felt that it would be too immoral, and besides I don’t have the balls.

So I sacrificed my sleep and thought through the night, but sadly to no avail.

“Konacchi’s an extreme airhead, so there’s the possibly that she might trip over and expose her panties in the process.

Hmm, she did after all display her talent for falling over during our very first encounter. It’s just that she follows the school rules to the book, so her skirt is longer than most girls here, completely different from Yuuouji’s which was way shorter than most.

Basically even if she were to fall over in an extremely exaggerated manner with her butt in the air and all, I don’t think her panties would even come close to showing. I shouldn’t be expecting something like that to happen.

Not to mention that I just can’t entrust my fate to random chance based on the currently limited time that I have.

“We could also try to copy the typical shoujo manga style, you know like when she’s rushing to school because she’s late, intentionally dash out the corner she's turning and bump into her. You never know, she might be biting onto a pair of panties instead of a half-eaten piece of bread." (TL note: In Japanese, the pronunciation of 'panties' and 'bread' is similar.) "Bullshit! Who the hell would mistake panties for toast like that!?"

"Hmm, if you put it as toast it doesn't sound similar any longer."

"Come on, just because two things sound similar it doesn't mean they look similar."

"Huh, but don't Inoki and Koinoki look similar?" (TL note: She's referring to Japanese wrestlers Antonio Inoki and Antonio Koinoki.) "That's because it's an intentional imitation!"

Are you kidding me...fine, she's actually kidding me.

"Heh, relax, Amacchi. I was just fooling around earlier, but I do have a secret weapon up my sleeve."

Yuuouji pulled out a suspicious-looking bottle from her pocket.

"Hey...that's not「Abazuren Z」again, is it?"

"Nah it's not, it's too dangerous, so it got confiscated."

That was good news. She has her own problems to deal with, while UOG has its corporate morals to uphold.

It was a world-famous transnational corporation after all, which made complete sense, but they still had exceptions like UOG Publishings...anyway it's a good thing they recalled a product like that.

"So, here's my newly concocted drug, ta-dah~!"

Yuuouji raised the bottle and yelled.

Hmm...can things like those really be made over the span of a single night?

"Here, for you."

I took the bottle from her, feeling about ten percent anticipation and ninety percent fear while doing so. The liquid within the bottle was somewhat sticky, so it's probably for external application and not for consumption. Looking at the label, the product's name was hand-written on it.「Skirt-lifting Ointment」. A frank yet uncreative name like that began slowly pushing my feelings of anticipation towards zero.

“Don’t tell me you’re going to say something like as long as I rub this on her she’ll have the desire to lift up her skirt?”

“Yep, that’s exactly it.”

Yuuouji nodded cheerfully, but I wasn’t about to buy it just like that.

「Abazuren Z」may have good effects as an aphrodisiac, but achieving an effect like that of this「Skirt-lifting Ointment」seemed too good to be true. In fact, it was almost like magic.

“To be precise, they’ll end up lifting up their skirts. The area that this ointment is applied on will momentarily be extra sensitive towards pain, so for example if one were to rub it on her thigh she would feel extremely uncomfortable just if their skirt were to brush past the area.”

Well, at least that makes more sense.

“So is this dangerous?”

“Ah, calm down, the effects wear off very quickly. I used my mom as a test subject this morning.”

“What do you take your mother as!”

I seem to recall that her mother had been used as a guinea pig for「Azaburen Z」as well.

“My mother’s a huge M anyway, so she naturally enjoys being experimented on or being someone’s lab rat.” (TL note: M = Masochist) “Isn’t that a little too unexpected!?”

Huge M? Kyouka Yuuouji? To someone who’s used to seeing her calm demeanor delivering speeches on television like me, I just can’t imagine the thought.

“Let me just ask...what happened?”

“She was in so much pain she began crying out, and immediately took her skirt off.”

“Throw that stuff away NOW!”

Jokes may be jokes, but fantasizing can sometimes go too far.

Deducing from Yuuouji’s age, her mother must be at the very least in her thirties, but from all her appearances in media she seems to be no older than twenty.

To have such a beauty like her take off her skirt...that must be heaven.

Nonononono, why am I fantasizing about my classmate’s mom like that? Am I a pervert?

“You can’t just use something this potent on Yawakaze.”

“But my mom later was very happy about it. She even said it felt pretty good.”

“Only your mom would say things like that!”

If any of her fans were to hear that, they would definitely go mad.

Also, instead of using something like that, I’d rather lift up her skirt myself.

“Sigh...”

As expected, Yuuouji’s plan ended up being completely useless.

But, I guess I don’t have the right to judge her considering I’ve yet to think of a back-up plan myself. Isn’t there any form of inspiration that I can utilize to complete this mission?

“Ah!”

Yuuouji looked towards the window and cried out in surprise, albeit silently. Students from the class next to ours were donned in tracksuits and currently all heading towards the stairs. I kinda feel bad for them for having to take PE lessons first thing in the day.

“Hmm, Class 2 and Class 9, they should be attending PE lessons together with Konacchi’s Class 15.”

I knew Yuuouji had a great memory, but I didn’t think she would bother with memorizing meaningless things like that.

“Girls typically take much longer than guys, which means they’re probably still changing...and so must Konacchi.”

Yuuouji sneered.

“Right, I’ll launch a sneak attack on the changing room!”

“Ah! Wait!”

“Whoosh whoosh!”

Before I could stop her, Yuuouji had already jumped off her chair and dashed off into the corridor like the wind.

“I’m back!”

A few minutes later, Yuuouji once again crashed her way into the class, then braked sharply right in front of me, producing a rather unpleasant shrieking noise from her shoes.

“Reporting to Captain Amakusa, Konacchi’s panties are sexier than expected, over!”

A few guys in the vicinity immediately turned to look at us.

“Watch it, you’re too loud!”

“The color is just like everyone else’s, it’s white, over!”

“Just shut up already!”

Do you want to frame me by convincing others it was me who sent you to do it or something!?

“Anyway, it’s useless even if you were to see it.”

I pulled her over to a corner and whispered to her.

“Hehe, Amacchi, don’t look down on UOG’s skills.”

“Hmm? What’s that supposed to mean?”

Yuuouji pulled out a pencil-shaped object from her chest pocket. The object was emitting a shiny luster akin to that of a metal, and it had a somewhat futuristic feel to it.

“This is one of the top secret pencil-shaped cameras my family has been developing, it’s able to scan the images left behind on a person’s cornea and project them into 3D images even in thin air!”

It can project the images left behind on a person’s cornea? Does technology as advanced as that really exist now? Although I wouldn’t dare to confidently deny the possibility that UOG may possess such things, considering how it’s at the peak of worldwide technological development...

“I was joking, it would be too easy if things like that existed.”

“How dare you lie to me!”

A few precious seconds of my life was spent on thinking of useless possibilities just like that.

“Don’t get angry now, Amacchi. My eyes really have Konacchi’s image left imprinted on them~”

She pulled out a notebook, and began using the pencil (it was actually just a pencil) to draw.

“Hmm. Here, it’s done!”

I was shocked speechless as I took the notebook from her.

“This is...”

The quality of the drawing was way beyond what I had imagined, with every single detail from the patterns of the lace to the brand of the manufacturer, it was almost like an actual photo. How many useless talents does this fellow have anyway?

“Now that you know what to expect from your target, it should be easier for you now to make your move.”

“Is that so?”

“Of course, now you don’t need to waste your time asking her「What kind of panties are you wearing?」.”

“Now why would I do that!”

Then again, I had asked way worse questions just yesterday.

“Then how about saying something like「I saw through what kind of panties you were wearing long ago!」just to scare her?”

“Why the hell do I have to phrase it like a line from an action manga?”

“Hmm...the overall body lets off a fragrant yet exotic scent, the details are unbelievably intricate, the art is an absolute feast for the eyes, not to mention the powerful taste of the item itself, as well as the unique tangy flavor of the silk material...clearly this deserves a perfect score.”

“Stop your bullshit!”

I could tell that she was attempting to describe the sketch in terms of, say, that used in a cooking manga, but sadly she was trying too hard.

“It’s not like I like that pair of panties anyway!”

“No normal tsundere would ever be caught dead saying that!”

Forget it, if she wants to screw around, I’ll let her.

“Anyway, if I don’t arrange for you and Konacchi to meet up you won’t ever see them right?”

Yuuouji has this habit of steering the conversation far away from the topic then suddenly bringing it back again, something which I have yet to get used to.

“You’re right, but with the surveillance from her bodyguards...”

Those acts of sexual harassment from yesterday were enough to get me on their radar. Well, I was technically asking for it.

“Hmm, the Yawakaze Guard...I’ve got it, just leave everything to me!”

Yuuouji thumped her chest once and said:

“Fine, I’ll go get ready, so let’s talk again during our afternoon break.”

As she spoke, that sneer of hers once again surfaced...can I really trust her with this?

Soon enough, our afternoon break arrived.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting. We can’t waste any time here, let’s go!”

I followed the easily excitable Yuuouji out of class. When we were approaching Class 8 that was located in the middle of the hallway, however, we found a male student standing in the middle of the corridor, blocking our path.

“Hold it, that guy can’t pass here.”

I will never forgot that muscular body and those thick eyebrows. He was that very third-year who dragged me off for my punishment yesterday.

“Hmm? Isn’t this Todou-senpai, captain of the Yawakaze Guard?” (TL note: I’m translating from Chinese so this may not be correct, for reference the original text is 藤堂, edits welcome. Also, remove this when done.) As he heard Yuuouji’s remark, the third-year who apparently was named Todou was apparently shocked, and his eyebrows raised slightly. From his stance I could kind of tell that he might be the ringleader of that little troupe, and his reaction all but confirmed my suspicions.

“You’re Yuuouji Ouka of the「Reject Five」...why would Yawakaze-san have a friend like you?”

Todou-senpai glared at Yuuouji as if she was annoying him. I can’t say I don’t completely understand how he’s feeling.

I’m sure that when he thinks of the girl he likes - and such a pure one at that - was friends with someone like Yuuouji, he must be incredibly worried that she might be contaminated by Yuuouji’s horrible influence.

Conversely, it’s a miracle that Yawakaze could remain so pure even after making friends with someone like her.

“Senpai, we’re just here to speak to Konacchi for a while, so could you let us pass~”

“Nope. I’m alright with you going through, but that Amakusa Kanade over there seems to have malicious intentions towards our Yawakaze-san, so definitely not.”

“It’s not that bad. We just want to look at her panties.”

...Yuuouji-san, isn’t that pretty much a malicious intention?

As expected, Todou-senpai replied while glaring at us even more viciously.

“No matter what?”

“No matter what.”

Upon seeing Senpai's reaction, Yuuouji smiled even brighter.

"I guess there's no other way then."

She went on her tiptoes next to Todou-senpai and began whispering in his ear.

After a short while -

"- !"

It was the first time in my life that I witnessed someone's facial expression undergo a complete transition from anger to paleness in such a short time.

"H-how did you -!"

Todou-senpai's powerful and intimidating stance from earlier completely disappeared. Even the roughness in his voice disappeared as well.

"Heheh, Senpai, what do you think would happen if Konacchi were to hear that?"

"W-wait just a second! P-please...don't do anything rash! I'm willing to do anything!"

"Hmm...anything?"

When faced with Yuuouji's devilishly posed question, even Todou-senpai could only nod pitifully without hesitation. This woman...what did she tell him?

"Even run ten laps around our school track half naked?"

"Yes!"

He actually agreed.

"What about the same thing but with your lower half naked?"

"I'll do it!"

He actually agreed!"

"What about entering a bathtub complete naked?"

"I'll do it!"

That's just a normal bath!"

"Haha, it's fine, I won't go that far. I just need you all, not just you, but even the other members of the Guard to turn a blind eye to anything Amacchi and I do to Konacchi, OK?”

“You...you want me to let a pervert like him...”

A person like him who actually agreed casually to streak naked around the school somehow had difficulties with this request.

Am I really that horrible of a person in his eyes...

“Hmm~ I won’t just tell Konacchi then, I’ll even tell it to every single member of the Guard, I’m sure the results will be entertaining~”

“Urgh! I-I get it! I won’t let them touch you, so please don’t do anything rash!”

Todou-senpai said while stretching out an arm as if to request help.

“Thanks, Senpai. My mouth doesn’t run, so just relax and nothing will happen.”

Yuuouji shook his hand then swaggered past him with arrogant footsteps...how is anyone going to relax with a person like you around?

I merely nodded apologetically towards him and began following after her.

“What exactly did you tell him?”

“Haha, everyone has one or two secrets that they wish to take with them to the grave.”

Um, the problem is how you managed to get hold of one of such secrets. The fact that she could smile as purely as a child after threatening someone like that was even scarier.

After experiencing Yuuouji’s true capabilities once again, we arrived outside Class 15, aka Yawakaze’s class.

“Pardon me -!”

Yuuouji pulled open the door violently as if to cause a ruckus, attracting the attention of many.

“Hey, aren’t those two from Class 1...” “Those are Amakusa and Yuuouji from the「Reject Five」right?” “She was the one that ran into the changing room while we were changing in the morning, right?” “Yuuouji’s so cute.”

Yuuouji ignored the gazes that she had stolen from virtually everyone present. It's exactly moments like these that I'm really jealous of attention-grabbers like her; while common plebeians like me can only remain in her shadows.

"Oh, Konacchi~"

"Ah, it's Ouka!"

As Yawakaze saw Yuuouji, she immediately excused herself from her classmate that she was having lunch with then ran over cheerfully, after which -

"Whoa!"

She tripped violently.

"Ow, it's been the third time today..."

She wiped her eyes while struggling to stand.

This...this is amazing. Normally someone as clumsy as that would attract hateful gazes from others as it would seem overly deliberate, but that was not the case for Yawakaze.

The expressions of the female students around her seemed to indicate that there was nothing intentional about her actions as well.

Female high school students (seem to be) creatures that hate their own kind while insisting on fawning over boys they like, but they seem to consider Yawakaze as a sort of airheaded sister of theirs, and their eyes were filled with pity. Maybe they thought she was dumb enough not to warrant their attention, so they couldn't bother with being jealous of her. It was then that I thought of something related. Even after such a bad fall, her skirt only hiked up slightly.

Considering how long her skirt was, I don't think even the lining of her panties would show if she did a full roll backwards. I guess I really can't place my hopes on her panties being revealed by accident.

"Ah~ Konacchi's as cute as always~"

"Hmph, what are you talking about, it hurts - ah!"

It appears Yawakaze had only now noticed my presence.

"Um, Amakusa-san...er...I..."

She seemed to have something to say, but in the end she merely looked down without saying anything. I guess it can’t be helped considering I’m the one who asked her to show me her panties twice.

Speaking of which, it’s a miracle that she hasn’t treated me as some sort of freak by now.

“Oh, hello. Yawakaze, I’m really sorry for saying all those weird things to you yesterday.”

I bowed deeply as an apology. The circumstances were similar to yesterday’s, causing me to pray that the Absolute Choices would not come to screw this one up. Luckily, they didn’t.

“Ah...don’t worry, I’m not angry. But...why did you...um...why...why do you want to see my panties that badly?”

“Huh? Nah, it’s just...”

At this point, Yuuouji attempted to fill in for me while I was still struggling to formulate a sentence: “Ah, excuse me Konacchi, allow me to say something. Our Amacchi over here tends to say the opposite of what he actually means when he gets really tense, so he actually doesn’t want to look at your panties.”

Um...could you please not take your liberties with my personality?

“Opposite from...what he thinks?”

See, Yawakaze believed it.

“Amakusa-san...you actually want to see male underwear?”

You’ve got that completely wrong!

“No, it’s not that kind of opposite. He doesn’t want to see underwear, instead he wants to show you his underwear.”

“That’s not it either!”

“Haha, so you want to see inside-out underwear?”

“I’m pretty sure that fetish doesn’t exist! Also I don’t have that sort of problem!”

“So you just want to see panties then?”

“Exactly...hey!”

Dammit...is this woman really here to help me?

“Haha, you both really get along well.”

Yawakaze giggled while covering her mouth slightly.

Oh come on, why are you acting like our class monitor? I’m not getting along with her at all, in fact if given the chance I would punch her twice in the face. I’m not even talking about a normal punch, I mean a bloody haymaker.

“Right, Konacchi, do you have time to hang out with me tomorrow?”

“Huh? Oh, I think so. I don’t have club activities tomorrow so it should be fine.”

“Hear that, Amacchi?”

Yuuouji said while giving me a thumbs-up. It appears getting Yawakaze to go out with her was the purpose of our little visit.

“Um...does Yawakaze mind going with me?”

It’s sad, but if I were in Yawakaze’s shoes I would violently deny this request.

“Ah, it’s fine, we were previously discussing whether we should bring guys along anyway. Right, Konacchi?”

Yawakaze nodded shyly.

“Mm, Daddy said that I should get into contact with guys around more, as long as Ouka’s around to keep me company.”

It appears that everyone who knows her seems to be extremely sensitive about this matter, which was probably why Yuuouji mentioned specifically that they would be going together. If her parents were to know that Yawakaze was so innocent and defenseless towards guys, they would definitely be worried to death.

“Previously a lot of guys had attempted to ask me out too, but all of them were dragged away by that muscular Senpai...”

The Yawakaze Guard really is fearsome. I should really be thanking Yuuouji for getting them out of the way.

“Right, so it’s decided. So where shall we go -”

Yuuouji swiftly planned out everything for us. Our destination would be the large shopping mall located three bus stops away from our school, and considering that they had everything from stores to amusement facilities, it was probably an appropriate choice.

“Very well, so now regarding our preparation...hmm? Konacchi, your hairpin looks awfully unique.”

Yuuouji pointed to Yawakaze’s head.

“You mean this? Oh, this...that person gave it to me.”

“I see~ that means it has「It」as well, right?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm, I see.”

Yuuouji appeared to have understood something, and she appeared as if she was concocting some sort of scheme. Also, there are people who regularly send Yawakaze gifts? She’s like some sort of celebrity.

“It’s an anonymous present just the same, but considering the person spent money on it I would feel bad if I didn’t use it...”

“Hmm, I get what you mean. Gifts should be used and not stuffed away in safes or lockers~”

“Yuuouji, have you ever received gifts?”

With her looks that would normally have earned her a place on the Popular Five, it would be normal if she had any admirers; not to mention that it may not be very surprising if there were someone that would actually find her personality appealing among our vast student population.

“Yes, sir! Actually I have it with me right now.”

I looked her over from top to bottom. Yuuouji may be breaking countless school regulations what with her bellybutton exposed and her skirt being too short, but she didn’t appear to have any accessories on her. The only possibility would be that it was a cellphone strap or something. Yuuouji appeared to have guessed what I was going to ask, and she replied frankly: "Panties."

"...What?"

"You know, panties? The ones you wear under a skirt?"

Panties? Sending girls panties? Are you joking...if it's the person's lover or husband or something, it would be fine, but anonymously? What the hell must that person be thinking?

"And it's laced too. Red laced panties."

Why would anyone send that? Why would you wear it? Why would you tell me that?

This probably can't be considered as a case of like-calls-to-like, but I guess someone like Yuuouji really attracts strange admirers. Compared to this, Yawakaze's hairpin seems a whole lot simpler.

"L-laced panties..."

Do you see that? Her face is red! That should be a normal female high school student's reaction to this.

"Laced panties~♪ Laced panties~♪"

This miserable female high-schooler began singing instead. You're actually a grade-schooler, aren't you?

"Stop singing things like that...you're this happy after receiving laced panties?"

"Yep, I'm fine as long as it's a gift! Don't you like getting panties as a gift?"

"Nope."

I would be scared to death if I were to open my locker one day to find a pair of trunks sitting there.

"So what kind of panties does Amacchi like on a girl?"

"O-Ouka, don't ask questions like that!"

Yawakaze's reaction was somewhat violent.

I guess I can't blame her, Yuuouji's question was pretty abrupt after all. Yuuouji then continued in a satisfied manner as she saw my questioning glance:

"Hmm, immunity, Amacchi. I'm only doing this to strengthen Konacchi's immunity towards such matters, so if we can't laugh things like these off, how do you think her parents would feel?"

"I-I see, Ouka was doing this for me...I understand, I'll try harder."

Um, Yawakaze-san, I'm afraid you got tricked. This is all a trap set by a bad person to have a look at your panties...and that bad person happens to be me.

Speaking of which, it appears I have to answer the question. Although the circumstances aren't really allowing me to be honest, I guess I should just answer it to be safe.

"Just normal white -"

"You lie!"

Yuuouji suddenly cried out like a certain cleaver-wielding female character.

"Whoa, w-what are you doing!"

Yuuouji's sadistic expression returned, and she said to me:

"Hmm, that won't do, Amacchi. In order to strengthen Konacchi's immunity, you've gotta be honest."

This woman...I haven't even finished my sentence and you could tell I was lying?

Oh right, she said yesterday that she could verify the truthfulness of my words through my eyes and my expressions. So that was true after all.

"Cough cough...so I'll have to do this due to popular demand then. For guys...we don't have any other choices except garters, right?"

"Whoa~ sexy, we've got a good one!"

"Gar...ter?"

I guessed that Yuuouji would be causing a ruckus like a kid, while Yawakaze didn't seem to have heard of that word before. The differences between the two were now especially evident.

"Um, aren't we going off topic - huh?"

I suddenly felt a change in atmosphere.

"Did you hear that, he said something about a garter?" "Yep, Amakusa-san's a pervert after all." "Yuuouji-san too, isn't she embarrassed at all?" "Are all of those on the Reject Five like this?" "They were mentioning underwear and panties the entire time." "Konacchi, you shouldn't be talking those people, alright?"

Murmurs began drifting throughout the class.

W-when did we attract that much attention? Yuuouji's entrance into the class was rather exaggerated, but that shouldn't have warranted attention to our conversation itself - also, why does liking garters make me a pervert?

All these painfully penetrating gazes...I may have experienced them one took many times over in my class, but I never thought that I would be experiencing them yet again halfway across the school.

"Oi, you've got it all wrong -"

「Choose: ① "Ladies, what are you all looking at? Why don't you all just put on garters and use your bodies to service me?"

② Wear a garter yourself and demonstrate to them how perfect of a combination garters and M-shaped spread legs are.」

I chose the first choice, instantly attracting the killing intent of all the girls in Class 15.

"Goodbye Amacchi, see you tomorrow!"

After class, Yuuouji promptly told me that she would be taking Yawakaze over to her place to hang out and ran off to Class 15 yet again. I was planning to follow, but I immediately dismissed that thought as I remembered what had happened there earlier.

Today...I guess I won't ever be able to enter Class 15 ever again after today.

"Sigh..."

I sighed and surveyed my surroundings.

The Absolute Choices had been messing with my life since last year.

They were all horrible choices with absolutely no rules pertaining to them nor any actual relation to my life itself, but if I had to think of one it would probably be that they don't help me at all. Within dating simulators, as long as you pick the right choices, all sorts of pretty female characters would begin living increasingly close and happy lives with you.

But these choices that insist on popping out from my mind time and again are essentially destroying my love life.

Also I don't know why making girls laugh and peeking at panties seem to be conditions for removing this curse.

"Just tell me...what the hell do you want?"

I looked up and yelled at the slowly reddening sky. My query that was never intended for any human ears did not, of course, receive any form of reply.

Part 7[edit]

"Yawakaze...you..."

When I reached our predetermined destination, I froze upon seeing Yawakaze who was the first to arrive.

"Um...Amakusa-san, do I look weird like this?"

I shook my head hurriedly. It wasn't weird at all, in fact her current attire was a complete departure from her usual good-girl image. It was completely amazing. Although on this very day I guess I would have to rule her out of the competition. Why...why would you wear hot pants!?

The skin Yawakaze was showing today was nothing like anything she had ever done before, but this just won't do. No matter how attractive her pearly white skin may be, no matter how illegal her soft silky thighs may be, as long as it eliminates any chances of her panties being seen, there's just no use.

"Yahoo -!"

Just as I was plunging into the depths of despair, I heard Yuuouji's carefree cry from behind me. I turned only to see her wearing an ultra-miniskirt that left me at a dilemma as to where I should divert my eyes.

“Hmm? Konacchi, what’s with the get-up?”

“B-because...”

As Yuuouji ran over, Yawakaze’s face became increasingly red.

“This own’t do, why didn’t you wear the semi-transparent skirt I lent you yesterday?”

“Who the hell would wear that out!?”

“Sob, Ouka, I really don’t dare to wear that thing out. Also after I saw that, I felt too shy to even wear something like a normal skirt, but, since I agreed earlier that I have to at least show my feet, I mustered my courage to borrow this from my sister...is it still no good?”

Oh my god, what a beautiful reaction, and factoring in her embarrassed gaze, her destructive ability is almost off the charts. After Yuuouji heard that -

“Y-you’re a natural guy killer. Konacchi...you’re scary!”

She rolled her eyes and began acting dumb.

“Oi, now what do we do, we’re bumping into obstacles right off the bat.”

I whispered softly in Yuuouji’s ear. Don’t even talk about her skirt hiking up by accident, now I won’t even be able to execute my emergency plan of lifting up her skirt manually.

“No hurry, it was exactly because something like this may happen that I picked this place, so just relax.”

Yuuouji somehow managed to remain confident.

“Alright, let’s go, let’s go!”

She promptly brushed me aside and dragged Yawakaze off into the distance with a slight hopping gait...this may be it for me.

“Ta-da~ here we are!”

Yuuouji stopped right outside some branded clothing store. I may not be interested in fashion at all, but I have seen this brand around quite a lot. I think this place is famous for having everything from the most prestigious types of formal clothing down to the most casual of attire, all within the same store. As I stepped in, I could tell that wasn't a bluff. The store itself was gigantic with enormous amounts and types of clothings being displayed on shelves and racks, yet somehow managing not to give off a sense of disorderliness.

"Konacchi, over here."

"Hmm? What is it, Ouka?"

"I'm sorry, but Amacchi, could you just wait there for a while~"

"Ah? Oh, OK."

Before I got the chance to reply, Yuuouji had already dragged Yawakaze off.

I quietly stayed in the store for about ten minutes more -

"Amacchi, sorry to keep you waiting!"

"Whoa..."

I couldn't help but utter a small cry of awe as I saw Yawakaze. What I saw before me was Yawakaze wearing a miniskirt of a length rivaling even that of Yuuouji's.

"Sob...Ouka, this is awfully embarrassing."

Yawakaze said embarrassedly. If one were to compare the current length of her skirt to her usual school uniform, it's like she's half naked.

"Whaddaya think Amacchi, isn't it great?"

"Um, anyone who doesn't agree with that definitely isn't a man."

I replied frankly.

"Oh...thanks."

Yawakaze still seemed rather shy, but I guess she couldn't turn down the compliment.

"Right, let's buy it!"

"W-wait a second. Ouka, didn't you say we're just going to try this on? This is kinda pretty, but I don't have that much money."

I'm not that clear about clothing prices, but I could tell that with regards to the quality of the material, it probably wasn't cheap. At least, I don't think it's something any normal high school student could just walk in and buy.

“Relax, leave it to me.”

Yuuouji said it as if it wasn’t a big deal, but then I remembered her family isn’t exactly liberal with their expenses either, considering she only gets about five thousand yen as allowance per month at most.

Also, Yuuouji isn’t the type of person who would randomly buy clothes for her friends just because she’s from a rich family.

“This place is actually a branch of UOG, but I’m not exactly sure of the details.”

Are you kidding me...UOG really has everything.

“The owner of this place wants to get a few models to try on their new products, then walk around this entire mall as some sort of live advertisement...but up until now there have been no applicants which is, of course, a problem to him...Konacchi, how about you consider it a favor to both me and the manager and wear this around for a while?”

I see, this tactic is incredibly cunning. This story may be for the most part fake, but her choice of words would leave Yawakaze no room for refusal.

“Oh...since it’s like that...then...I’ll help out.”

As expected, Yawakaze nodded shyly.

“OK! Thank you!”

Yuuouji cheered and whispered to me once again.

“Haha, now we just need to take her out in this and everything will be fine.”

“Yuuouji...nice one.”

I never thought that she would perform this well. It’s a foregone conclusion that Yawakaze will definitely trip and fall somewhere. I did say yesterday that I can’t rely on random chance, but today I have a strong tool to help me out. I looked at Yawakaze’s feet.

Yes, I’m referring to her high heels. Yawakaze trips and falls over with a stunning tendency normally anyway, so considering that she’s wearing a pair of shoes that will only make her more unstable, her tripping over now is pretty much a guarantee.

“Now, we just have to wait.”

“Yep/”

Yuuouji and I were like those evil magistrates and their equally nefarious underlings you see in period dramas, with even the corners of our mouths lifted in a similar snarl. But -

“Ah~ this is great~”

I’ll put it simply, she didn’t trip at all.

Yawakaze didn’t fall over a single time, no matter how closely packed the crowd was, no matter how hard it was for her to walk, she somehow could remain completely stable as if through some divine help. She seemed to have noticed that as well, as she was expressing her joy and suddenly being rid of this problem...this miracle is just trying to screw me over, isn’t it?

Time trickled past us in this desperate situation, and before we knew it it was six in the evening. Considering that the sun isn’t up for all that long during this period it would be normal to think about going home by now.

The one fortune among our misfortunes was - Yawakaze’s stomach began grumbling - although she soon denied it furiously with her face completely red. So, we went over to a food court to look for something to eat.

After finding a seat on one of the publicly allocated benches, I sat down to rest my legs for a while.

“Alright, I’ll get some food and come back.”

“Oh, thanks.”

Yuuouji didn’t seem tired at all, and she dashed off with her usual grade-schooler spirit. At this time on a Saturday, every single part of the city would be congested by people with their families in tow, so I don’t think she’ll be back any time soon.

Right, now what should I do...since we’ve tried so many methods but to no avail, I guess we’ll have to try a different approach.

The problem is, we haven’t actually thought of the different approach, or else I would have done it long ago.

I became increasingly anxious. What should I do...what should I do?

”Snore~”

A small, cute exhale of air jerked me back to reality.

Not a minute after Yuuouji had left, Yawakaze was already collapsed on the table in a deep sleep, with her purse still hanging on her shoulder. She was a pretty weak-looking girl in the first place, so I guess this isn’t all that surprising after being dragged around town for so long.

“Mm...”

Yawakaze’s body twisted slightly, changing her position.

“Oh?”

This change hiked up the frills of her skirt, causing nearly her entire thigh to leak out of it.

T-this is...just a little more and I’ll be able to get what I came for.

Just then -

「Choose: ① Pull it open and have a look.

② Don’t do anything.」

...Of course, it just had to pick a time like this.

However, if you look at it from another angle, this might be a chance. If I have to do it the hard way later, if I have to take that first step which I have the chance to do so now, I guess there isn’t a better opportunity.

Do I go?

I hesitantly began inching my arm towards Yawakaze’s lower body.

Then I stopped once again right before actually touching it.

Is this really alright?

No no no no, what am I still thinking about? If I don’t finish these missions I’ll be plagued by these choices for the rest of my life, I need to get this into my thick skull!

But they want me to lift up her skirt, it’s just...wrong.

Well, we did get Yawakaze to put on a miniskirt and high heels to increase her chances of falling over and tripping, which is pretty much the same thing as directly lifting up her skirt, if you think about it that way.

Fine, I just wanted to create a situation where we could「Coincidentally」get a glimpse of her panties and hopefully create less guilt on my part.

As if to prolong my suffering by not hurrying me, the tendrils of pain that would usually be all over my head right now did not appear, instead what surfaced there was all sorts of thoughts and ideas, hesitations and coerces that made me doubt myself, blocking me from reaching a definite decision.

My pondering caused my perception of time to become blurred, so I think I spent quite a few minutes thinking. As the pain finally began assaulting me, I reached my conclusion.

“...I give up.”

I chose choice number 2 in the end. There’s not a definitive reason why I chose it, but you could say I just didn’t feel like it.

Even if I were to lift her skirt, I want to do it in a more honorable manner, then get scolded by her or something, because lifting her skirt while she’s sleeping just seems to low for my tastes.

The other reason was that I just wanted to protest against the Absolute Choices, I guess. Them appearing at this time seemed to be telling me “Oi, you can blame me for this, just lift it already”, which I’m not exactly happy with.

As I thought of the person sending down these choices giggling with glee as I picked choice number 1 in accordance to his wishes, it just made me sick. Thus, I silently retracted my outstretched arm.

“Hmm...huh? Amakusa-san? Hmm? Did I fall asleep?”

Yawakaze suddenly woke up as if on cue.

“Yeah, but just for a few minutes.”

“I-I’m sorry...ah, so...d-did you happen to see me sleeping?”

Well, at such a close distance I can’t say I didn’t. Just as I was nodding -

“Ah!”

A strange noise emitted from her mouth.

“I-I let a guy see me in such an embarrassing manner...”

As I saw Yawakaze’s face instantly exploding in virulent shades of red, the word ‘regret’ instantly crossed my mind.

You want me to lift up her skirt? Sorry, I can’t do it. If she’s this embarrassed just after having a guy looking at her sleeping posture, me looking at her panties would probably cause some sort of permanent trauma.

Maybe nothing would happen if I had looked at her panties while she was still sleeping. Everything that passed through my mind earlier was just useless self-consolation, i just threw away a chance that I might not get for the rest of my days...

“Stop, thief!”

A huge shriek suddenly rocked the food court, once again calling me to my senses.

I looked over at the direction of the sound, only to see a burly man wearing a dirty T-shirt and a pair of blue jeans making a mad dash away. Just my luck, he was heading in the direction of our seat...

“Give it here!”

The robber immediately spotted the purse on Yawakaze’s shoulder, or maybe he spotted her simply because of all the branded products she was wearing.

Even after grabbing someone else’s wallet, this greedy thief still didn’t happen to have had enough.

“Huh? Huh?”

This sudden drastic change in situation caused Yawakaze to freeze completely, and she just sat there motionlessly.

“Watch out!”

Before I could think, my body was already between that of the robber's and Yawakaze's.

I -

"Ugh!"

The robber slammed me aside viciously, causing me to fall hard on my back.

"Amakusa-san!"

"Cheh...give it to me now!"

My intrusion caused the robber to hesitate slightly, however his attention once again returned to Yawakaze.

"Yawakaze, let go of the - cough cough!"

I think I hit my windpipe or something during my fall, causing me to be unable to speak nor stand. Dammit, this is bad!

"Amacchi! Nice block!"

I heard a voice that instantly reminded me of a hero barging in at the last moment.

"HAAAAAAAAAAH!"

Yuuouji ran over like a sprinter, and leaped - her flying kick that she had apparently put all her weight behind struck the robber directly in the abdomen.

"Ah!"

He collapsed, and even skittered backwards for quite a distance. Coming to think of it, it was pretty comical. After that he was dragged away by some guards/

Yuuouji's physical ability is incredibly amazing. Considering that she's one of the more petite ones among the girls in my school, one can only wonder where she gets all that strength from.

"Phew, luckily I made it. Konacchi, you're not hurt, aren't you?"

Even in this situation, Yuuouji's tone was calm, and her breathing had no hints of panic in it.

“Ah...yeah, because someone protected me. Amakusa-san, are you alright?”

Yawakaze ran over to me and crouched down, and she looked at me with a gaze containing gratitude and pity.

“Wow, you did great, Amacchi.”

“Pfft, it was nothing, I was just knocked away...”

As I lifted my head up slightly, I froze.

The scenery underneath Yuuouji’s skirt was displayed right before me in all its splendour.

Yawakaze was crouching by my feet, while Yuuouji was standing near my head in a completely defenseless fashion. Even though their skirts were equally short, I could only see that of the latter.

I could, in fact, see the whole thing.

The pure white color before my eyes had a mature texture that was one part sexy and nine parts elegant, somewhat in contrast with Yuuouji’s usual personality. I was expecting it to have, like, animal patterns or something.

But that’s beside the point.

This...why would you wear a garter?

As though to protect the white pair of panties beneath her skirt was a jet-black garter.

I had my suspicions towards that black strip on her leg since earlier, but she wasn’t wearing a pantyhose underneath it, just a normal pair of kneesocks. How strange.

She probably heard what I said yesterday and decided to have a go at it for a whim. Such a childlike person, wearing such a mature garter...children and garters...they seem to go well with each other.

(Ah!)

Whoa whoa whoa what am I thinking, pervert! Stop looking already! I hurriedly averted my eyes as I realized that.

Luckily Yuuouji’s attention was on Yawakaze, so she didn’t seem to notice my tour of the areas beneath her skirt.

There's also a possibility that I merely thought I was looking for a long time when in reality it was only an instant.

I had struggled with myself regarding whether or not to lift up Yawakaze's skirt for so long earlier, but for some reason in this accidental situation I'm not feeling any guilt.

In fact, this might even be considered a gift for those who love garters.

If it was Yawakaze's, my life would be complete -

The cellphone in my pocket suddenly began ringing.

"Hmm?"

The sender was「God」, and the message was titled「Mission complete」.

What? I opened up the message while standing up with question marks peppering the inside of my mind.

「Congratulations on completing the mission, please wait patiently for the next task.」

The words were pretty much the same as the time I completed Yukihira's mission. W-what exactly happened? I should have seen Yuuouji's panties and not Yawakaze's...

I looked at the mission briefing sent two days before, yep, the target is Yawakaze.

My phone began vibrating once again. The sender was「God」, and the message was titled「Just a brief explanation.」

「Good evening, God here. I'm sure you're kinda confused as to how you managed to complete it.」

I guess I should say that God is incredibly powerful for being able to read my thoughts? Speaking of which, who exactly is this? It doesn't seem like the flippant one from last time, and the previous God should be still on maternity leave, unless she's the one giving me my missions?

「I'll give ya a piece of good news. Now, I'm going to explain what happened...thank me.」

Pfft...annoying.

Let’s just ignore this for now, but every single time when I scroll to the bottom of the message new lines begin to appear. How the hell does that work?

「Actually, the pair of panties Yuuouji Ouka is wearing right now belongs to Yawakaze Konagi.」

...What?

「The captain of the Yawakaze Guard, Todou Sakura, broke a huge rule.」

Wait, what? This conversation seems to be heading towards stranger territories, he isn’t sending me the wrong message right? Also, to think that Todou-senpai has such a fabulous name...

「He’s a deserter. Sakura-chan ignored the other members of the Guard and began sending Yawakaze Konagi gifts.」

To think that the captain himself would break the rules, this really is unforgivable. Also, why are you addressing him as「Sakura-chan」...

「This may be unfair towards the other members of the Guard, but in a passing admirer’s position, there’s nothing wrong with his behavior.」

So that hairpin from yesterday was sent by him?

「In fact, he’s not satisfied with just sending presents. He attaches a self-written poem to every single one as well.」

Romantic poems, huh...feels kinda corny.

「Just look at it, romantic poems! ...Pfft, who still writes those things in this day and age?」

Is the sender still the same person? Look, he even wrote「romantic poems (www)」. (TL note: Japanese use the letter ‘w’ kinda like how we use ‘lol’, because 笑, the Kanji for smiling or laughter begins with the letter ‘w’.) That’s annoying! I mean writing romantic poems is kinda embarrassing but you can stop now!

「After which Yuuouji Ouka found out about it, and she began blackmailing the poor Sakura-chan.」

So that’s what she was whispering in his ear yesterday.

Something as embarrassing as writing romantic poems can only be done in an anonymous position I guess. Rather than letting Yawakaze herself or other members of the Guard find out, I guess running around the track naked would be lesser of a punishment.

「On that day, Sakura-chan had even prepared another special gift - a pair of panties. He couldn’t resist his manic love towards Yawakaze Konagi, and so he hoped that she would wear the pair of panties he sent her. Disgusting, isn’t it?」

Sending panties...huh? Why does it seem like we’re talking about Yuuouji’s secret admirers again?

「Yuuouji Ouka merely wanted Sakura-chan to agree not to get in your way, so when he was about to go according to his plan and send in the panties, he made a huge mistake - he put it in the wrong bag.」

I see...from yesterday the two girls went home together, so I guess that’s where he went wrong.

「Yuuouji Ouka noticed the pair of panties when she reached home. A normal person would probably feel uncomfortable and throw it away or something if they were to find a packaged pair of panties in their bag, but the next day - which means today - she decided to wear it out instead.」

Next time, don’t wear strange clothings, will you?

「Yuuouji Ouka has two main reasons for believing those panties actually belonged to her. Firstly, her admirers have sent her panties before.」

I see, so Todou-senpai had unwittingly done something Yuuouji’s admirers had previously done before.

「Secondly, there was no romantic poem attached this time, unlike Sakura-chan’s other gifts to Yawakaze Konagi. Maybe he fed it to the rubbish bin because he doesn’t have enough balls to send both a pair of panties and a romantic poem.」

Todou-senpai...you wrote it anyway.

「Actually, we managed to regather the contents of the poem itself.」

How did you do that?

「Wind - It’s you Benevolently embracing all the creatures of the earth Angelic wind

Silk - The panties Gently embracing the secrets of the wind Seductive silk

The Knight - It’s me Holding onto the wind and the silk with all my love Brave Knight」

(TL note: This poem looks weird, I know, but that’s actually how it’s phrased.)

OUT OUT OUT OUT! I furiously mashed the「Scroll down」button, trying as hard as I could to avoid the continuously appearing lines of text. If I were to continue reading, Todou-senpai’s reputation may be ruined.

「Right right, after enjoying Sakura-chan’s (www) poetic skills, I think we can get into the main topic.」

This bastard is really too much...although I guess I won’t ever be able to look at Todou-senpai in the same way ever again.

「That panties was intended for Yawakaze Konagi, so ignoring any hiccups that might have happened during the delivery, and no matter whoever’s wearing it, it’s considered as Yawakaze Konagi’s property.」

Ignoring the finders-keepers rule huh. Never mind that, but why would this be considered a mission complete?

「Your mission was to ‘Look at Yawakaze Konagi’s panties when being worn’, and not to ‘Look at the panties Yawakaze Konagi is wearing.’」

...It can’t be.

「Right, since I’ve got this far, I’m sure you understand now right? God’s explanation is complete, bye bisexual~」

The message ends there.

In other words, 「Yawakaze Konagi’s panties」only refer to the panties she「Owns」.

So as long as it’s her panties, even if Yuuouji Ouka were to wear it, it would still be fine.

Um, as long as the mission is completed, I suppose I don't have a problem, but isn't this just screwing me with wordplay?

Conversely, I may have completed this mission by pure accident, but there may also be a case in the future where I think I've completed the mission but in actuality I have not due to some catch in the phrasing that I may not have noticed. I have to be on my guard.

"Amakusa-san, you've been staring at your phone all this time, is something wrong?"

Yawakaze's voice pulled me out of the realm of my thoughts.

"Ah, I'm sorry...whoa!"

Suddenly, a gust of wind brushed past me without warning.

The wind itself was strong and powerful, it could almost be a whirlwind, and what appeared before me was -

"Ah...whaaaaaa!"

Hello, pantsu-san.

Exactly the same. The panties I saw underneath Yawakaze's lifted skirt was exactly the same as Yuuouji had drawn yesterday.

Only the color was different. Yesterday's report said it was white, but the one I was staring at was colored a deep purple that threatened to completely reverse my impressions of Yawakaze.

"Ah, aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh..."

Yawakaze received a huge shock at this unexpected reveal.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhh...."

Oh crap, she's going to yell, no, she definitely will yell. With so many people around -

"YAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

The scream came from a completely unexpected direction.

"Yuu...ouji?"

“Ouka...?”

That piercing shriek came from none other than Yuuouji Ouka herself.

Her face was incredibly red, and she was trembling all over. This reaction...what happened?

Yuuouji did have an accident earlier as well, but earlier...she didn’t notice.

“- embarrassing.”

Yuuouji was mumbling to herself, so I couldn’t exactly hear her.

“What is it, Yuuouji? You seem strange, are you alright?”

I stepped slightly closer to her and put my hand on her shoulder.

“!!!”

She jumped back instead, and her face that was initially red enough somehow got even redder, as if transcending the limits of humanity itself.

Could it be...she’s embarrassed?

“Never thought...embarrassing.”

She completely ignored me and just stood there for a while - then charged off like a bolt of released lightning.

“I never thought...having my panties seen by other people would be this embarrassing-AAAAAAA!”

She began howling manically and disappeared in the crowds.

“...” “...”

Yawakaze and I could only look at each other while at a loss for words.

Yawakaze didn’t seem embarrassed at all even after her...accident. After seeing something like that, I guess it’s kinda hard to stay embarrassed. A while later, Yawakaze finally said something.

“...Now what?”

“...I think we should head home.”

“...I guess so.”

Mission:「Get a glance of what Yawakaze Konagi’s panties look like when being worn」- Completed.

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

Interlude 3: A Certain Possibility's Story

Interlude 3: A Certain Possibility’s Story[edit]

“Hey everyone, could you please hear my troubles out for a moment?”

The underwear - a thong suddenly uttered.

“Huh, what’s up?” “To think that even someone like you would have troubles.” “Let us hear them then.”

Its conversational companions, a pair of trunks, a pair of boxers and a pair of briefs looked over at the thong.

They were in the specialized zone which entrance was only permitted to those among the highest echelons of undergarments, an area utterly unbeknownst to humans, commonly known as the Underwear Zone.

The three looked over at the thong who uttered bitterly: “Let me ask you all - are you all content with your current selves?”

As they heard this, the trunks, boxers and briefs tilted their necks in curiosity (?).[1]

“To be honest, I can’t take it any longer. Men who wear thongs are either massively buffed-up hunks or extreme narcissists right? I want to change myself and leave that sort of environment. So...so...”

The thong spoke solemnly, while the rest listened likewise.

“I want to become a garter worn by women!”

Suddenly, all the other pairs of underwear’s faces fell.

“Huh? Are you sick in the head?”

“You want to become one of「Them」? Cheh, what a deplorable way of thinking.”

“We’re such idiots, to think we actually took you seriously.”

Within the realm of undergarments, male lingerie and female lingerie had an immensely huge enmity between them. Both sides would constantly look down upon, insult, and belittle each other, being lifelong enemies. So for one to think of switching sides, there would definitely be such a reaction.

“Huh? Why are you all...? Hey -!”

The briefs, boxers and trunks ignored the thong’s cries and immediately left.

“Dammit...why can’t they just understand?”

The neglected thong sat dejectedly alone (?), took a long and deep breath, then yelled -

“Don’t thongs go the best alongside M-shaped thigh gaps!!!!?????”

The Underwear Zone was peaceful today as well.

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

1. ↑ TL note: Yes, there’s a question mark here

Epilogue

Epilogue[edit]

On Monday, a voice welcomed me as I entered the classroom.

“Oh~ good morning, Amacchi!”

Naturally, it was Yuuouji who could somehow remain energetic at any time of day.

“Oh...um, good morning.”

After what happened on Saturday, I was kinda worried about how she may react when we returned to school, causing me to be somewhat worried.

She seemed normal. Even though me looking at her panties (and garter) caused her to be incredibly embarrassed, her skirt was once again as low as always, but what I didn’t expect was that when she saw me, she grabbed her skirt and pulled -

“OI! Idiot, what are you - hmm?”

Underneath her skirt, was not a pair of panties.

“Wrong~! Safety pants! These are safety pants! Now I don’t need to worry about having other people seeing my panties by accident ever again!”

Yuuouji laughed innocently. Um, is that really the problem?

“Amacchi, look, Shoryuken! Haha, look, nothing happened!”

Kid...someone drag this kid away.

I had initially figured that she would at least be embarrassed after what happened on Saturday, but instead...sigh, I guess I can’t hope that she’ll become anything close to Yawakaze, as long as...you know.

“Speaking of which...I was embarrassed to death back then.”

“Hmm, what did you say?”

“Ah, it’s nothing. Another Shoryuken!”

“Stop that! Don’t aim at my chin!”

“Oh, you guys seem to be having fun.”

A cheery voice came from behind me.

“Hmm, Yukihira?”

Oh right, didn’t she say that I have to temporarily stay away from her last week? Is that ‘temporary’ period over now?

“Since you were immersed in those boring deer jokes, you were ignoring me, so I guess I have to go up and talk to you myself.” (TL note: In Japanese, deer is shika, while ignoring is shikato.) “Oi, you were the one that said I should be staying away from you...”

She really loves to go back on her own words...whatever, it’s pretty much impossible to make Yukihira’s words make sense anyway.

“Amakusa-san, what does the motion of「Kneeling down」make you think of?”

“Kneeling down? Um, nothing...”

As she mentioned that, a small ripple surfaced in the sea of my memory, but I couldn’t seem to remember anything in particular.

“...It seems everything is fine.”

“Hmm, did you say something?”

‘Nothing, I was just asking you that in order to find out whether you have knelt on a boiling hot metal plate in your past life.”

“What kind of torture is that!?”

No hope...there’s no hope for these two.

The classroom door suddenly opened while I was in the midst of my grumbling.

“Good morning~”

Utage-sensei scratched her head while walking into the classroom, seeming more frustrated than usual.

“Um...I have something to announce today, we have a new transfer student...oi, come in.”

Utage-sensei shouted at the hallway. Hmm, now who would transfer in at this time of year?

The door opened with a small clack, and the person in question walked in.

I cried out in surprise as she did so.

“Cho...cho...”

It’s Chocolat...it’s definitely Chocolat, and...she’s wearing our school uniform?

“Good morning everyone, my name is Chocolat, I’m happy to be studying here with you all starting from today. Nice to meet you!”

This little puppy even introduced herself. What is this...what is this..what exactly is this!?

Chocolat’s pose caused the eyes of all the other guys in my class to light up, and hands were raised frantically in an attempt to ask questions.

“My surname? I don’t think I have one, but if you want me to use the surname of the person I’m staying with, I guess it’s「Amakusa」? Right, Amakusa-san?”

The classroom erupted in chaos...

“Hear that, she said「Amakusa-san」.” “They’re even staying together.” “Wait...his parents aren’t home either, right?” “So he’s alone at home with a cute girl like her?” “What’s that supposed to mean?” “You know what I mean...to think he tricked such a honest girl...how dirty.”

Now what’s going on...I had a sudden urge to prove my innocence through sacrificing my life or something, what should I do now?

“Oi, all of you, shut up. Let me tell you first, she’s not a transfer student.”

Utage-sensei’s words caused question marks to appear on top of my classmates’ heads.

“It seems that she’s Amakusa-san’s「Study pet」.”

“What the hell is that!?”

“I don’t know, go to the dean’s room and ask that old man over there.”

Chocolat walked over to me and whispered: “Amakusa-san, actually that flippant god told me that it would be easier for me to help you if I’m by your side, so he even made me fake documents, a uniform, and got me in through the school dean.”

Why...why the hell is that god doing all these unnecessary things!?

“Just tell me what the hell is a「Study pet」.”

“Since transferring in at this time might be awkward, we chose this special position after some careful thought to it.”

“Would you like to go back and look up the meaning of the word ‘unnatural’!?”

Chocolat ignored my pained cries and continued smiling...this is somehow annoying.

“Chocolat, get out now.”

“Huh? Why?”

“Don’t why me, get out now.”

“But, Amakusa-san, I’m your -”

“GET. OUT. RIGHT NOW.”

“Sob...”

Chocolat’s shoulders sagged as she met my strong resistance, and she collapsed on the floor, intentionally appearing helpless to garner sympathy.

“K-Kanade-san, what’s with the cold demeanor, aren’t we a good couple that tried all「Forty-eight Methods」together?”

The class erupted in chaos once again...

Are you trying to kill me! Do you want to make me disappear from society or something!

“Everyone, don’t get her wrong! She’s referring to the forty-eight methods of tickling! It’s absolutely not what you think it is!”

“Amakusa-san, isn’t the forty-eight methods of tickling private areas kinda suspicious for two high school students?”

“Do you have holes in your ears!?”

Now I’m in trouble!

“Haha, Chocolat, your chest is so big.”

“Don’t touch people you don’t even know! Are you a kid!?”

Another annoying one appeared!

“Ah, aren’t you Kanade-san’s friend Yukihira Furano with all the bad jokes? And you, aren’t you Ouka-san who helped him with the panties?”

“Yes.”

“That’s me~”

Aren’t you angry at all for being described like that!?

“Kanade-san...he’s a silly one, so I appreciate it that you all have been taking care of him all this time.”

“You’re not my mom!”

“It’s nothing, at most I just talk to him to compensate about his lower parts, he’s silly like that.”

“Are you trying to kill me! Your words are a little too risky for this situation!”

“Ah, Chocolat, your thighs are so smooth.”

“I just told you not to touch people you don’t even know!”

“I hope to get along with you two from now on!”

“Alright.”

“OK!”

“Please don’t make friends with weird people!”

My head hurts my head hurts my head hurts! It’s splitting open!

Think think think, how should I get out of this situation?

However, the Absolute Choices arrived once again.

Oh come on...at a time like this...

「Choose: ① Accept a confession from four members of the Popular Five (currently enrolled) and enjoy a harem lifestyle.

② Have something very comfortable happen to you.」

Are you kidding me...both are good things this time?

「① Please wait ② To be Continued...」

Translator's Notes and References[edit]

Afterword

The title of this novel’s pretty long. It seems to be all the craze these days.

Since I won’t get the chance to do this often, I might as well play around a little with its abbreviations.

《俺の脳内选択肢が、学园ラブコメを全力で邪魔してい》

↓

「俺の脳」(My brain) Seems like something Miyamoto-sensei would write.

「俺がコメを邪魔している」(I’m destroying paddy fields) Farmers would get angry.

「俺は脳をしている」(I am brain) T...this one is deep. Seems like a title to some book on philosophy.

「俺の学力」(My learning capabilities) I was 159th in my grade...let’s not talk about that.

「俺ラブ」(I love) Narcissistic.

「俺でしている」(I am me) ...What?

「俺の脳内学園」(My imaginary school) It’s filled with girls that love me.

「俺の園」(My garden) Whoa!

「俺の園でしている」(Doing it in my garden) Whoa -!

「俺が邪魔」(I get in the way) All sorts of main characters exist.

「俺学」(I am learn) The name of the main character is Kanade.

「俺がガンダムだ」(I am a Gundam) I just put this one in for fun.

「が’学園」(G-Gakuen, *i.e.* S-school) I stuttered.

「のがをで」(The am while it) This title makes no sense.

「ラメ」(Don’t~) The fact that there’s no「エ」in this sentence is causing me great regret. (TL note: That’s the character ‘E’ in Japanese, and this line doesn’t seem to make sense.) 「ラブコメ力」(Romantic comedy power) I want that too.

「学園ラブ」(Schoolyard love) Please don’t promote prohibited relationships.

「選園全魔」(All the selection fields) It’s a finishing move I thought up.

「全力でしている」(I’ll give it my all) This seems like a nice name for an autobiography, what do you guys think?

「魔」(Demon) If you paste this on your back you can become one of the Piccolos. (TL note: The author is referring to the character Piccolo from Dragon Ball who has this character on the back of his shirt.)「でている」(It came out) ...What?

「脳がでている」(The brain leaked out) That’s a gory scene.

「脳が邪魔」(The brain gets in the way) Just die then.

「脳が学園を全力でしている」(Brain is school with all it can) Please speak proper Japanese「脳内’全力で邪」(The inside of my brain is evil) AKA middle school students Long time no see, or should I say nice to meet you. Hello everyone, my name is Takeru Kusukabe.

Since I don’t have much more space left for this afterword as I spent so much of it messing around, I’ll just get to the point and say what I have to.

Firstly I want to apologize to editor Miss Y. Since I had too many dirty punchlines in my book, she had to utter a lot of words that tested the limits of her dignity while we were discussing the plot of the book over the phone, in fact it was almost like humiliation play...could we please do that a few more times?

Also, to Yukiwo-sensei who’s been helping out with the illustrations for this book, your drafts never fail to remind me how amazing of a job being a light novel writer is. In my mind, Chocolat on the main cover isn’t wearing anything. Don’t try to convince me otherwise, she isn’t wearing anything. Got it?

Next up are all the unsung heroes who have poured in their blood, sweat and tears to ensure this book makes it safely from the production stages over to the shelves, I simply can’t thank you all enough.

Lastly, I want to dedicate my most sincere gratitude to every single one of you readers who have taken the time to purchase my work.

So, see you all once again in the second volume.

December 2011 - Takeru Kusukabe

And now we have a preview for the next volume brought to you by none other than Yukihira Furano’s sharp tongue!

A preview? I don’t think we need to do something like that for a novel that may not even receive a continuation, right?

(It’ll definitely come out next spring, so Yukihira-san, please use that signature sharp tongue of yours to briefly make an introduction.) So you bunch of low, dirty pigs really want me to give you the low-down on the next volume? Oh well, I guess as the Queen of Pigs I’ll have to make an exception just this once, let’s go-oink~

(I have a feeling this is going to get weird...anyway there’s gonna be a lot of new female characters next volume, could you also say a few words regarding them as well?) It seems that all these new characters are girls even smaller than I am.

(Sadly, none of these characters have more low-profiled chests than Yukihira-san.) ...It appears that all these new characters are all homosexuals after Amakusa-san’s butt.

(Now who would buy a book like that...one of them will claim to be Amakusa Kanade’s sister.) It seems that the next volume will be mainly about how Amakusa-san forces a young, elementary school-aged girl into pretending to be his sister and doing a lot of XXX things together.

(...That’s enough...anyway just mention the title of the book again and end this whole thing already.) 《俺の脳内选択肢が、学園ラブコメを全力で邪魔してい》, also known as《のうコメ》’s next volume will be arriving soon, so until then, I hope you pigs can oink and crawl about while waiting.

(We definitely got the wrong person to do this.)